

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1870.

The Week.

THE bill to reduce internal taxes has been the chief occupation of the Senate, and developed a strong majority against the continuance of the income tax. On Thursday, Mr. Akerman was confirmed without opposition, the principal objections to that gentleman seeming to have been raised by the Washington correspondents, in the discharge of their duty of keeping the public alive to its interests at the capital. On the same day, Mr. Sumner's Cuban resolutions, on which we have commented elsewhere, were introduced, but could not be passed at once as he desired. The House, still on the same day, had a sharp tussle over the Reapportionment Bill as it came back from the Senate, and finally, by 98 to 95, referred it to the Judiciary Committee, from which its chances of emerging are slim; as also might be said of the instructions given the Committee of Ways and Means, on Monday, to report a bill reducing all the duties on salt by fifty per cent. The Georgia Bill came up on Thursday, and, after escaping a labyrinth of amendments, was passed in so simple a form that the House must feel tolerably ashamed of the mess it has heretofore made of the business. The State is declared entitled to representation, and nothing is allowed to abridge her right to choose members of the General Assembly according to her constitution—that is to say, next fall. She and Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, are also relieved of the prohibition against forming a militia. We trust that but a few days will elapse before the Senate confirms the action of the House. On Tuesday the House passed the Omnibus Appropriation Bill.

The Senate has refused to re-enact the income-tax law, and, if we are really rid of it, doubtless we are well rid of it, on many accounts. Those on whom it has borne hardest would have paid the same amount with comparative cheerfulness if levied in another way, involving none of those odious comparisons between the employer whose wealth was great and income uncertain, and the salaried employee who, besides the misfortune of being poor, had the additional ill-luck of being sure of his income. Indirectly, this state of things might be said to have encouraged men to indulge in speculation, and to have aided in unsettling business; and the abolition of the tax, now that trade is almost recovered from its ten years of fever, seems appropriate enough. Those who, like the Philadelphia gentlemen alluded to last week, were disposed to test the constitutionality of the tax, are now relieved of the necessity. They will perhaps still be interested in a collateral question decided last month in the United States Circuit Court of the Massachusetts District. In 1866 and 1867, it appears from the report just published, one of the Judges of Probate in Barnstable County had his official salary taxed, against his protest, by the revenue collector; and the suit (*Day vs. Buffinton*) was brought to recover. The plaintiff confined himself chiefly to the point that the judge's salary, being paid out of the State treasury, was a part of the revenues of the State, and could not be touched without the exercise of a power which might be so used as to destroy the functions of the State, or even the State itself. The defendant argued for the paramount authority of the Federal Government, and, as the people of the State formed also a part of the general governing power of the country, denied that there was any likelihood of the abuse of taxation as suggested. The Court, however, held with the plaintiff that the judge's salary being impaired was a detriment which might either cost the State a servant or an additional outlay, and, in either case, was an interference of the admitted sovereignty of the United States with the admitted sovereignty of the several States.

The investigation into the petition of a Mr. Hatch that this Government should give him fifty-odd thousand dollars, for losses and injuries sustained at the hands of Baez, in San Domingo, has been brought to an end at last, but not till it had been deflected a little from its proper line, so as to glance at some of the President's friends. Mr. Hatch appears to be a respectable man, the worst that is proved against him being that he preferred Cabral to Baez, when that pair of worthies were fighting to be President—which would seem to have been an error of judgment, for Baez got the better of Cabral, but which does not look to us like a crime, nor a defect of taste, so far as we know the reasons for admiring Baez. His preference got Mr. Hatch into trouble, however, for they took him, and gave him a court-martial trial—"a barbaric farce," Mr. Schurz calls it—and, of course, sentenced him to be shot. But the San Domingo Senate decreed his pardon on condition that he should leave the country, and this he would willingly have done, but Baez kept him still in jail. Here General Babcock, the President's envoy to San Domingo, comes into the story. Mr. Hatch was kept in jail, he says—and so does Mr. Perry, the American consular agent—because Babcock and Baez thought that if he got out he would give his countrymen facts and figures which would prevent annexation—a fear that Mr. Hatch has since justified. He was therefore kept incarcerated some six or eight months after his pardon—a course which Baez would not have dared to take had not Babcock encouraged him; or which he certainly would have refrained from taking, had Babcock remonstrated. Mr. Schurz and Mr. Ferry, who sign the minority report, are severe on the General, who certainly might, we think, have come better out of the affair than he does. There is talk, however, of a letter from the President, which will soon be published, in which he declares Babcock to have been acting under instructions, and assumes all the responsibility of his conduct. The report of the majority, exonerating Babcock, goes out of its way several times to express its good opinion of the treaty with Baez, and reads very suspiciously like a mere plea for the annexation of the island. Messrs. Schurz and Ferry severely condemn General Babcock's indifference to Hatch's fate, and hold the belief that his and the President's queer eagerness for annexation is what kept an American citizen in Baez's prison. Poor Hatch, amid all this Senatorial cudgel-playing, fares rather badly. The minority report, however, declares his claim just, and recommends its enforcement, while Messrs. Nye, Williams, Warner, and Howard rather vaguely oppose the petition.

General Butler is evidently a most irritating subject to his fellow-members of the House. Having occasion lately to review the proceedings of this session, we have been forcibly struck with the number of encounters, scrimmages, altercations, turn-ups, personal difficulties, knock-downs, drag-outs, yardarm-and-yardarm engagements, in which the Representative of the Fifth Massachusetts District has been engaged. Not a few of these have been brought upon him by his queer position as champion of the Administration, as when he fell out with Mr. Dawes on the subject of Government retrenchment, and, the other day, with General Logan on the subject of Cuba. Mr. Conner, of Texas, was another of his adversaries, but a light-weight. Mr. "Sunset" Cox was still another, and the General has just had to defend himself against Mr. Randall, for altering, in the *Globe*, some piquant remarks made by the latter in regard to a certain person's honesty. Savagest of all, however, were the charges and counter-charges between Mr. Butler and Mr. Farnsworth, on Wednesday week, which were the last, so far, of a campaign which the two members have been carrying on for months with varying success. It has been thought impossible that any sort of a dermatologist should get through the General's skin, but Mr. Farnsworth seems to have succeeded in putting him into a great rage, and the choice language which ensued may be imagined. It was amusing to hear the man who seized the barrel of telegrams, and who makes it his business to inform himself of the private history of his fellow-members, charging Mr. Farnsworth with dealing blows behind the back of his

antagonist. Mr. Farnsworth's constituents may feel reasonably certain that their representative's back is as little open to assault as his front, or he would not be engaged in the occupation of "smashing Butler." The particular charge against Butler this time was that he was advocating a cause on the floor of the House for money to him in hand paid. No one will ever know, it is probable, whether he was or not. What is noticeable is that not many people care; for such is the esteem in which the member from Essex is held by the world at large, that it makes not the slightest difference how many particular "sinful games" are charged against him—his general character covers the whole ground.

Wall Street has had another characteristic sensation, though scarcely of the first magnitude. Some three months ago, a third or fourth-rate broker's firm, of fair credit and standing, in spite of one or two previous difficulties, became suddenly one of the heaviest operators on the Street. Its purchases of gold were large enough to turn the tide of the market, and to advance the price from 110½ to 115, in the face of an almost universal belief in lower figures, and are now reported to have exceeded five millions of dollars in amount. Its operations in stocks were on an equally liberal scale, and were sufficiently important to confirm the whole Street in its opinion, that the extreme ease in money would cause higher prices for most securities, although their value, represented by earnings and property, was steadily declining. So bold and effective were these operations that they were crowned with a temporary success, and the firm conducting them came to be recognized as one of the leaders of the Street—almost. It soon became known, however, that these operations were carried on for account of a young gentleman recently released from State prison, after having served out a term for a well-remembered series of gigantic forgeries. It is highly creditable to Wall Street that most of the houses of rank and character declined all transactions with the firm in question as soon as their principal became known; and the rejoicing of many of the newspapers over the gullibility of what, in their choice vernacular, they call the "Wall Street sharpers and gamblers," merely shows how little they understood the situation. It is to this conservative and high-principled action of many of the best firms that Wall Street, and, indeed, the whole country, owe their escape from what might have proved a very serious panic. As it was, the affair ended speedily in the total discomfiture of the enterprising youth, and the ignominious failure, for a comparatively moderate sum, of the half-fledged leader of the Street.

The interesting feature of the affair has been the conduct of the press. Those editors who had been prominent in urging the early pardon of the distinguished forger remained silent on this his last escapade, while others spoke almost encouragingly of his "honest" efforts to earn a living and pay his debts, while his friend and broker (who takes, we believe, a lively interest in missions and Sunday-schools) was raised to a level with the Christian martyrs. Most of them indulged in a display of financial knowledge, and all gratified their consciences and pleased their country subscribers by friendly and intelligent criticism of the "Wall Street sharpers and gamblers" above referred to. In the meantime, Wall Street itself has resumed the even tenor of its way. Neither the genius of the "Young Napoleon of Finance," nor the courage of his broker, have availed to prevent a serious decline in both gold and stocks, which, to outsiders, seems the only course for values to take in the present quiet condition of affairs throughout the country.

For the last ten years we have had no June so hot as this one, whether we try it by the mercury at its highest point or by an average point, determined by several measurements. Life has been little else than a burden to the sweltering inhabitants of most of our great cities, and even in the rural village of Springfield, as New Yorkers say, and among the Massachusetts hills, the mercury stood once at 103 in the shade. This, however, is probably only brag; the distinction of being the hottest place in the country undoubtedly belongs to the metropolis. Indeed, New York would, anyhow, be the hottest place on this continent, though the thermometer should be induced to testify in favor of some other locality; for New York does more business with greater ardor, and performs more intellectual and physical labor

in the twenty-four hours, than any other city in the universe, let alone America; and thus sentient New York becomes secure of the dignity claimed for her. What would have become of the New Yorker during the past six or seven days if he had not consoled himself by watching the thermometer, and reading telegrams stating that it was only ninety-seven or ninety-eight in the shade in rival cities and towns; and if he had not drunk more soda-water and Vichy than all Europe combined; and if he had not a way that of itself would be enough to freeze and petrify the whole of Boston, of laying aside coat and waist-coat, and fanning himself in the streets with a Japanese fan? He must have perished. As it was, life was a burden that many found too heavy to bear, and the list of deaths from sun-stroke is a long one, while a great number of people have been struck down, more or less injured. What the poor wretches must suffer who live packed in the eighteen or twenty thousand tenement-houses of this city it is frightful to think of. To sleep in some of these lodging-rooms is, in fact, to some of them simply death, for they are often found in the morning dead from the effects of the heat and the loathsome air. It is a thing to be thankful for that Supervisor Tweed meditates free bath-houses; he could hardly make us restitution of some of our money in a way more acceptable than by affording the means of coolness and cleanliness to the unfortunate creatures who give him their votes, and the means of being munificent to the public after the fashion of an ancient Clodius, say, or Sulla.

The long fight in Massachusetts over the question whether or not the confessed robbers who are known as the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Ring should be permitted to get hold of several more millions of the State's money, has at last been settled in the negative for this year at any rate. Thanks for this are not due to the Legislature, however, for the Lobby was too strong for its virtue, and both Senate and House succumbed and passed the bill demanded, by a small majority and at the last moment—some members of this Senate and House having no doubt then and there performed the last legislative action of their lives, except such as they may perform in town meeting, the people in general being thoroughly aware of the moral and pecuniary aspects of the scheme. The bill was killed by Governor Claflin, who sent in his veto, over which it could not be passed. The effect which this produced on the supporters of the measure, who were congratulating themselves on having overridden the previous action of the Legislature, was highly enjoyable. Most of the Boston papers have throughout supported the attack on the treasury; their conduct having, indeed, furnished to angels and men a spectacle simply unaccountable, for they had every inducement, one would think, to outspoken independence. Their interests seemed to lie where their duty lay, yet, except the *Herald*, they all—with a peculiar feebleness of manner, to be sure—upheld the schemes of the Ring. The *Transcript*, in particular, was very amusing for a day or two after the veto. Dark hints, small sage reflections, bits of peevishness, little scratches and stabs—all the weapons of its armory were brought into full activity. Here, for example, is a grewsome death-stroke at somebody: "Those who consider themselves a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself at the State House, should not make themselves quite so conspicuous lobbying members." Another one appears to be aimed at the same person, and, we hope, put him out of his misery: "It is truly pitiful when members of the General Court find it necessary to go to the chief of the Council Chamber lobby, and enquire what the Governor will approve and what he will not in a pending measure." Dwelling still on its trouble it says again, in another place, speaking to the universe in general: "A bad veto and a terrific storm were rather too much of disturbance of the social system for one afternoon." We trust the politicians will watch and see how much Governor Claflin's common honesty hurts him with the people next year.

There has been little news during the week concerning the Chinamen at North Adams, and all of it of a peaceful character. Twenty-five of the striking Crispins—perhaps the Americans who followed their French and Irish fellow-craftsmen reluctantly—are said to have bought a shoe factory in order to run it on the co-operative system, and another similar company has been

formed which will at once build itself a factory. One of the Crispin orators, addressing an anti-Chinese labor meeting at Albany, revealed the fact that an attempt had been made, he himself participating, to establish a Chinese lodge of Crispins in North Adams, and to persuade the Chinese that their labor was worth at least two dollars per day, and that they might oblige Mr. Sampson to give them their due. Nobody can object to either of these ways of accepting the situation, which indicate a calmer sense than we were prepared to give the Crispins credit for. It is well for trades-unionism, as for the shoemaker, to stick to its last; and this is what it does not do when it resorts to violence or intimidation. Chinese lodges and strikes will come in due time when enough Chinamen are collected together in any given place; but the prospect appears to be not immediately flattering at North Adams. Meantime, it is interesting to watch the general tone of the press on the subject of this innovation. In Massachusetts, so far as we have observed, there is only a kindly spirit manifested, but elsewhere the sentiment of the press is divided. The economic bearings of the problem on the protection and free-trade controversy have not escaped notice; and each party offers the pill to the other with a laughable aversion to having it returned for digestion. The *Tribune* has always let its humanitarian sympathies obscure its logic when compelled to face the inconsistency of welcoming "pauper labor" immigration, while denouncing the free importation of the products of the same labor abroad. It takes the part of the Chinamen in Massachusetts only by forgetting the inexorable reasoning of its editor in his "Political Economy." This the free-trade journals, like the *Cincinnati Gazette*, retort upon Mr. Greeley; but the more consistent protectionist organs, half triumphantly, half sorrowfully, lay the Chinese foundling at the door of their opponents.

Mr. Greeley, however, is not the only philanthropist whom the North Adams experiment has put in a tight place. Senator Wilson has been taken to task for his ardent support of Mr. Stewart's bill, making void the long-term contracts of speculative Chinese-labor importers. Mr. Wilson would, perhaps, not oppose Chinamen as working freely for themselves, but if he did, it would not be wholly surprising. He is closely identified with the shoemaking interest, having sat upon the bench formerly himself, and having his home in a shoe-making town, and owing much of his elevation to his being a representative not only of the working-classes generally, but of shoemakers especially. We do not say his present course is influenced by the thought of his political prospects, though it might naturally be. From whatever motive, he has expressed himself most decidedly in opposition to what he calls this degraded form of labor, and furnishes one of the signs that the Chinese question may very possibly divide parties and shape Presidential campaigns. The Democrats, Eastward at least, seem fumbling for their cue, and so long as the *World* does not give it to them, and the South wants to supplant the negro with the Chinaman, it is somewhat doubtful how they will jump. The discussion at large would be helped a good deal if every editor would keep standing in his paper the 5th and 6th articles of the Burlingame treaty, which expressly recognizes the right of voluntary locomotion and travel for the citizens of China in this country, as the English and Continental treaties have lately done for their subjects who desire to emigrate.

Two or three weeks ago we expressed some regret that the two most promising colored boys that were available had not been selected by Senator Revels and the other Congressman who sent up colored candidates to West Point. We hear from various sources, and are requested to say so, that one at least of the two boys was as promising as need be desired. James W. Smith is described to us by competent observers as being more than ordinarily intelligent and well-educated. In eighteen months—fifteen of them in an evening school in Columbia, South Carolina—he fitted himself to pass the written examination for admission to the Hartford High School, making papers which were not excelled by those of any other candidate. At the end of his second year in Hartford school, he made application to finish the course in two years, and this he accomplished, and at graduation stood in the first half of a class of thirty. We understand him to have been rejected at West Point—or put on probation, if that is his present status—because of

defective eyesight, and not for any deficiency in point of preparation. The other negro candidate was physically but not otherwise fitted for admission. The suspicion that with one or the other of these instruments the examiners will always be able somehow to keep the Academy free from colored cadets, we see nothing as yet to justify. All the officers seem, so far as is known, to have been both just and courteous to these two boys, although it is asserted that some of the cadets were abusive, and that stiff politeness was the best treatment that they got from any. This, of course, will not last very long. The young fellows at Cambridge seem not to have suffered in mind by reason of the presence of one or two colored undergraduates, nor at seeing one of them take prizes for literary and other distinction; and a West Pointer does not, we believe, consider himself better than a Harvard man, and, if he does, he must either at once abase his spirit, or expect Mr. Logan after him.

The English Liberal party has just sustained a great loss in losing the Earl of Clarendon, a not very great man, but one who has latterly been able to be of very great service to it. Socially, his position could not have been bettered, and the qualities of his character peculiarly fitted him for the work of inducing that acquiescence in measures which the aristocracy, left to its instincts, would have fought against, and of bringing about within his own order those compromises which have been so largely the very history of the English aristocratic Liberal party during Lord Clarendon's life. He was a born and a made diplomatist, having, by nature, tact, caution, address, and sagacity, and having learned in a regular apprenticeship to the art, and a long subsequent practice, every branch of it. He was born in 1800, and was a younger son of a younger son, his father being the brother of the second Earl. He was early put into the diplomatic service, in which he rose rapidly, and was but thirty-three years old when, at an important juncture, he was made Minister to Spain, where he showed great skill and tact. In 1838, he succeeded to the title, and from that time to the day of his death was rarely out of office at home or abroad, his services being employed by both the parties. Thus, he was Aberdeen's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and when that ministry fell in 1855, and Derby was asked to form another, he expressed his desire to retain Lord Clarendon in office, and would have done so had he been able to form a ministry. Palmerston, who succeeded in the task, did keep him. Earlier, he held many offices, the one greatest in dignity being the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, where he had a troublous five years. Perhaps his most marked diplomatic services were his allying England with Cavour, and his management of the English relations with France, in which country his old friendship in Spain with the mother of the Empress stood him always in good stead; but his whole life has been the career of a more than fairly successful diplomatist, in the old acceptation of that term. He was not a man to believe that the personal qualities of ambassadors, their anecdotes, their wines, their dinners, their relationships and friendships, do not influence the destinies of nations, for he had experience to the contrary, and doubtless would not have feared to predict, if prophesying had been in his way, that so it will continue to be till the end of time. Earl Granville is said to be the Earl of Clarendon's probable successor, and may be the man to settle the *Alabama* claims.

Other foreign news is of comparatively small importance. There has been rioting at Cork since Wednesday of last week, beginning with the tailors, who were incensed at the importation of Germans to take the places of strikers, and afterwards extending to nearly all the trades, if the Cable despatches are to be trusted. The case is analogous to the Chinese difficulty here; and how soon Chinamen, as well as Germans, may be taken to Cork is a question perhaps worth considering, when China is colonizing the west coast of the Atlantic. The French news of most interest for Americans is the near departure of M. Prévost-Paradol for Washington, where he will deserve to be welcomed—not for what he nominally represents, but for what he is—as few of his predecessors have had cause to be. In Spain, the Cortes have adjourned after passing a very moderate gradual emancipation act for Cuba, in spite of a brilliant plea by Castelar for immediate abolition. The Queen has abdicated in favor of the Prince of Asturias.

MR. SUMNER'S CUBAN RESOLUTIONS.

PERHAPS it is too much to ask of a man whose efforts in diplomacy have once made so vast and reverberating a noise as some of Mr. Sumner's, that he should thereafter hold his peace concerning foreign affairs. To have made such an echoing and re-echoing speech as that about the *Alabama* claims, which set almost all Americans swinging their hats for eight or nine days and made every Englishman double up his fists and curse every time he thought of it for several weeks—to make one such speech, and not determine to make another one at the earliest opportunity, is probably more than ought to be expected of human nature.

It is true, too, that the atmosphere of Washington constitutes a medium seen through which objects assume all sorts of non-natural and deceptive shapes and sizes, and the perspective becomes worse than Chinese. The Congressman living in that atmosphere of Saturday-afternoon oratory, joint resolutions, wire-pulling and lobbying, humbug and claptrap of every sort, falls of necessity into all kinds of errors as to the state of public opinion and feeling, and finds the indispensable need of the annual "mingling with his constituents" that we shall soon be hearing about, and of going to cattle-shows and hotels and once more getting his hand "on the great heart of the people." Especially is this true when it is getting near the last end of the session. No doubt to-day, after six steady months of Washington, the Senators and Representatives are desperately few in number who are not more than half-inclined to believe that the most populous region on earth is Buncombe, and that of the inhabitants, all that are not knaves in search of a post-office or in possession of one are fools, to whom anything may be said.

Whatever may be the genesis of them, we have just had from Mr. Sumner a set of resolutions which are worthy of General Banks, and are as uncalled for and superfluous as anything that ever came from even the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. In fact, it is saying too much for them to say that they are uncalled for and superfluous. They are such as to do this country discredit, and moreover to injure the cause which they profess they desire to serve. Nothing is less to the credit of a nation than an ineffectual and disregarded interference in the affairs of its neighbors, and just such an interference the passage of Mr. Sumner's resolutions would be. The tone of the language alone, to say nothing about the matter of the message, is enough to ensure the anger of Spain, or, what is as bad for us, to call out meriment not only in Spain but elsewhere. It is easy to imagine the feeling with which a Madrilénian, who believes the rest of the world to exist as a border to Castile, will read such language as this: "In the name of humanity, the people of the United States solemnly insist that these things shall cease; . . . they make this appeal with sincere good-will to the people of Spain, and with the assurance that the justice they (the Spaniards) do to others will redound to their own happiness, welfare, and renown; . . . the people of the United States are pained to hear that the pretension of property in man is still upheld in the island colonies of Spain; . . . that instead of terminating this pretension at once, the Spanish Government propose to protract it for an indefinite period by an impossible system of gradualism; . . . the people of the United States regret to witness the extraordinary efforts of the Spanish Government by violence and blood to maintain the unnatural jurisdiction in Cuba, forbidden by the great law of progress, and hostile to the interests of both parties."

These passages give the tone of the resolutions, which is patronizing and didactic to a degree that would do credit to a Chinese Secretary of State addressing a Loo Choo ambassador; but it is not a tone that has been heard in Western diplomacy since Menchikoff contemptuously snubbed Earl Russell for intermeddling and using high language where he was afraid to intervene effectually, and, indeed, had no intention of intervening. Any people would resent such instruction so administered, but it is a very great blunder to administer it in the face of all the world to perhaps the haughtiest nation in Europe. The Spaniards are about as unlikely a people as any in existence to enjoy being told that their scheme of abolishing slavery is an "impossible gradualism;" that they do not know so well as we can tell them what is for the best

interests of the Cubans, and what is more, that we can tell them better than they know what is most to the advantage of their own pockets, to say nothing of their honor, happiness, and good name; that their very presence on this side of the water is flat opposition to "the great law of progress;" that we can inform them that it is written in the oracles of God that they are to march out of North America, as, we are happy to remind them, they had to pack out of their South American colonies; that they uphold a baseless pretension—the same which they are charged with planning (but not wisely) to overthrow; that, in short, they in many ways "pain" the people of the United States, and must mend their hands at once.

Yet we suppose nothing is much more certain than that the people of the United States have not at present the remotest intention of going to war with Spain in behalf of the Cubans. One or two journals, whose support of a cause is not to its advantage, and a certain class of Congressmen whom the country is unfortunately willing to hear talk, but for whose advice in weighty matters it does not care a pin, may make a good deal of clamor about Cuba and "the Monroe Doctrine," but they do not in the least affect the public mind. The people in general certainly despise and detest the cruelty of De Rodas' volunteers; but they also despise and detest the cruelty of Quesada, with his six or seven hundred prisoners murdered at once, and they know the bloodthirsty ferocity which characterizes the Spanish race, wherever found; they have for months looked with only a languid interest at the war, or whatever it is that is going on in the island; more clearly than anything else they see the fighting left to negroes and hired foreigners, while Cubans hang about New York and the watering-places; in short, the President's recent proclamation expresses the public opinion about Cuba. Clearly, the country has no intention of embarking more money and men in the business of fighting at present. Of that we have had enough for a time, and when we want more we probably shall not get it by attempting to drive one set of Spaniards out of Cuba to give it to another set—we being all the time about as much beloved by the one set as by the other, and much more likely to get Cuba into the Union, supposing that to be at present desirable, after purchasing her from Spain, than we are to get her without violence from the Junta after that body has been put in possession, and begun its garroting and shooting.

This being the state of the case, the country's mind being made up not to fight, and Mr. Fish and the President being able to do all that these irritating and otherwise ineffective resolutions can do, why should they be introduced? At least, why should more of them be agreed to than the portions which, in rather injudicial and undiplomatic, if not, indeed, somewhat intemperate, language, remonstrate with the Spanish Government against the barbarities of the volunteers? That would be doing in a more public and solemn manner what Mr. Fish has been privately doing for many months, and might be of some avail. But to send a set of fighting resolutions, and then not fight, would be anything but dignified or wise; and it would surely be none the less ridiculous because the resolutions were couched in the language of a schoolmaster berating a boy rather than of a correspondence between equals.

THE END OF THE ERA OF SPECULATION.

PRECISELY ten years from now the business of the whole of the United States was marked by a dulness, a stagnation, similar to, but even exceeding, that which now prevails. That summer's dulness was the commencement, as this summer's dulness is, we think, the end, of the wildest era of speculative excitement witnessed since the times of Law and the South Sea Bubble. In 1860, the fierce agitation of the Presidential election, and the alarm created by the bold threats of the Southern extremists, almost paralyzed business, involved all the mercantile interests of the country in serious loss, threw large numbers of people out of employment, and thus prepared, on the one hand, the sudden and spontaneous uprising of the unemployed masses in support of the Government in 1861; and, on the other hand, created a class of people almost new to our generation, a class of merchants of education, unoccupied, poor, frequently heavily, nay hopelessly, indebted, often reckless with hopelessness, and in every way suited to become the

nucleus of that community of speculators which has occupied so large a share of the public attention ever since. The depression in business in 1860 furnished alike the first armies of soldiers and the first armies of contractors, camp-followers, and speculators. The later armies of soldiers were impelled by patriotism, the last were compelled by the draft. The main army of speculators was subsequently attracted by the extraordinary temptations of the times; the last and most noticeable detachment were themselves the outgrowth of all that was vicious and bad in a period pre-eminent for badness and vice. But both armies had their first origin in the summer dulness of 1860.

The career of the soldier army is well known, though, as yet, unwritten. The career of the speculator army is not only unwritten, but entirely misunderstood. When, in 1861, the Government came into the markets of the country as a buyer of labor and of all the products of labor, it came into markets overstocked almost beyond precedent, and unnaturally depressed to the point of despondency. The Government purchases had a double, nay treble, effect. They rapidly reduced supplies, and they enabled all sellers to become enlarged consumers, at the very time when a liberal proportion of the producers was withdrawn from active labor. The effect upon prices was magical. Everything advanced with a feverish rapidity that was perfectly incomprehensible. First food, clothing, arms, munitions of war, next machinery, metals, raw materials of every kind, then ships, and other means of transportation, and all their representatives, like steamship stocks and railroad stocks—one after another, all rose in price. The extraordinary gains made so suddenly and incomprehensibly by the legitimate dealers in these articles, and the almost certain continuance of the advance, based as it was upon the steadily diminishing production and increased consumption of both Government and people, were quickly recognized by that large class who, from natural taste or from their peculiar circumstances, were inclined to take advantage of it. It was this extraordinary rise in prices that produced the speculative mania. To the thousands who soon learned to follow speculation in all the various objects of trade as a lucrative profession were speedily added the hundreds of thousands who, while really engaged in other pursuits, were yet tempted by the reports of fabulous gains to indulge in more or less important "outside transactions," which can be properly characterized only as gambling. This class came to be known in all the markets as outside dabbles: lawyers, doctors, merchants, retired capitalists, Government officers, and bank officials, who had no better excuse for being engaged in operations in flour, or gold, or cotton, or stocks, than for playing *rouge et noir*. For all these classes the three years from 1862 to 1865 were mainly years of a certain feverish prosperity. The great majority of speculators all the world over are inclined to speculate for a rise, and during those three years the incessant purchases by Government, the steadily diminishing production, and the reckless waste and consumption of a people that deemed itself rolling in wealth, kept everything almost constantly rising; hence speculation in the main was profitable.

With the close of the war in 1865, a violent change set in. The disbanding of the armies restored a large number of men to productive pursuits, the Government purchases rapidly diminished, stocks of many articles became again abundant, and prices materially declined. But it was found that the South was so entirely deprived of every article of merchandise that the demand from that section sufficed to maintain the prices of many things. Many soldiers returned from the war possessed of means, and did not resume their former occupations with the expected promptitude. The destruction of the war even in the North was so serious as not to be repaired even in a year or two of peace. Two successive poor, or at best indifferent, crops of breadstuffs followed the peace, and prevented a great decline in food and, consequently, in the wages of labor. A great abundance of idle capital in Europe sought employment with the utmost confidence in the extension of our wonderful railroad system, and became during the last years a purchaser of products and labor almost comparable to the Government itself during the time of war. All these circumstances tended to delay, though they could not prevent, the decline in prices which was sure to follow ultimately the cessation of the causes which had produced the advance. The two years following the close of the war

were years of repeated and violent fluctuations, which tempted many to continue for a time their speculative operations, but which, in the main, resulted disastrously for all outside speculators, leaving a profit only to the brokers, bankers, and others employed in conducting the operations, and reducing daily the number of "dabblers" by their complete financial exhaustion. The accounts from all the leading markets agree in this, that the fortunes made, the small and large sums gained during the years of war, were almost all lost again before the close of 1867, and that the men who fed the great speculative fire previously to 1865 had almost all disappeared from view.

But the men who had adopted speculation as a profession were not to be thus driven off the course by a mere decline in the natural supply of deluded victims. Men who had once tasted the delight of taking the money earned by other men, and making it their own by dint of superior cunning, shrewdness, or unscrupulousness, were parched with a craving for the continued indulgence. Men who had acquired habits of luxury not far inferior to those of Imperial Rome, needed a perennial supply of revenues to maintain their state. Men who had acquired control over markets, and wielded immense power, were unable to relinquish it. All these men must continue to speculate, even though the original temptation, the natural fluctuations in prices, be utterly wanting. If there be no natural fluctuations in prices, artificial fluctuations must be created. It is out of this combination of circumstances that has grown what might be called the second period of the speculative era. The first began with efforts to profit by violent fluctuations in prices, brought about by natural causes, and necessarily, indeed, ended as soon as these natural causes ceased to operate. The second began with efforts to create artificial fluctuations in prices, and is, we think, now gradually drawing to a close.

The markets in which the operations of this second period were carried on were comparatively limited in number. In the early years of the war, speculation invaded everything. Latterly it has been confined mainly to railroad stocks, gold, cotton, grain, and real estate. It would be impossible, within our limits, to follow its career closely through all these markets; but we will point out such of its salient features as will, we think, justify our belief in its early end.

Few people who visit the lovely parks growing up in all our leading cities, who roll along the miles of new boulevards and drives that intersect or surround every suburb, stop to reflect that most of these improvements, with all their manifold attractions, are only the artificial but seductive stimulants to a gigantic real-estate speculation. The people who are so patriotically interested in providing their fellow-citizens with agreeable opportunities for healthful recreations and exercise, especially on horseback or in carriage, of course never have any interest in "lots" along the drive or near the park. They induce legislatures and city governments to order the construction of these improvements. Who has the right to object? Is not the expense assessed on the property benefited by it? Nominally, yes! Really, no! These improvements carried on everywhere are raising the taxes in our towns and cities to such frightful figures that none can afford to live in cities except the very rich, and those who are too poor to go away. Every day the distance which mechanics and men of moderate means have to travel between their homes and their work increases, every day tenement-houses are becoming more tightly packed, all in a large measure owing to the fabulous and fictitious prices put upon city and suburban property by a gigantic real-estate speculation, carried on for the benefit of the speculators, mainly at the public expense, and under the delusive pretence of the public benefit. This speculation, we think, we clearly see the end of. City taxation, not only with us, but throughout the country, has exceeded its possible limits. People are driven from town by the crushing taxes. Real-estate dealers, alike in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, and San Francisco, report an unusual number of dwellings and business tenements unoccupied. Unimproved property along the lines of great improvements is still reported as "firmly held," but with "no transactions," sure evidence of a pause in the speculation. With the increasing number of unoccupied houses, how many new ones are likely to be built? How many purchasers are there likely to be for new lots at fabulous prices?

Our last two grain crops have been extraordinary. For three years past prices of breadstuffs have been declining, but have been prevented from reaching their normal figures by a desperate combination of the grain speculators, who were only too cheerfully aided by the grain-growers, and who found an inexcusable and unwise support in the Western banks, unable to distinguish between the high prices of war times with poor crops, and the necessarily low figures of peace and abundance. With this assistance, speculation has been enabled to hoard and artificially withhold from market a large portion of two seasons' crops, and even attempted to stop the progress of recent shipments to Europe, ordered from there to meet an anticipated deficiency in the coming harvest. Fortunately, we think, for the country, the Western banking interest is recognizing the artificiality of the movement, and their own danger in supporting it, and during last week refused to furnish funds for carrying the grain speculation into a third season. The result was a very sudden and sharp decline in the price of wheat, which in itself is not important, but which shows that the speculation was indeed sustained by the banks. That support permanently withdrawn, as it now seems likely to be, the artificial grain speculation may fairly be considered ended.

Our readers may remember that we have persistently urged that there was no reason why the premium on gold should not have gone to a merely nominal figure two years ago. It was only upheld by the artificial combinations of the Erie robbers and their like. From the explosion of their gigantic schemes last fall, this band of choice spirits has not yet recovered, and, indeed, seems likely never to recover. The natural speculation in gold had almost entirely ceased, when they sought, by fraud and device, to arrest the natural decline, and force the price to a ridiculous figure. Their utter failure, in which nothing but their infamous influence over some of our judges saved them from bankruptcy and lynching, set the market free, and it has since steadily declined. A few months since, just when the public mind had quietly settled down to specie payments, another adventurer, but recently returning from the goal to which his predecessors seem hastening, tried to follow feebly in their footsteps, and came to still more ignominious grief; since when the market has again resumed its downward course. It is not the rise or fall in the premium which is important in this connection; it is the fact alone that the wildest and most desperate artificial combinations scarcely for a moment divert the market from its quiet downward course, which most clearly proves the decay, the end of the speculation.

But in no market has speculation revelled to the same extent as in the Stock Exchange. Here the colossi of modern finance have met upon a battle-ground worthy of their powers. Here natural and artificial stimulants to speculation, foreign and domestic influences, local and national interests, have mingled in an almost inextricable confusion. Here speculation becomes confounded with legitimate investment, here some of the profoundest problems of modern statesmanship meet face to face with the schemes of disreputable financial parasites. Enough may, however, be clearly discerned to warrant our assertion that, even in this arena, the battle, as far as speculation is concerned, is well-nigh ended.

The features of the great railroad-share speculation on the Stock Exchange since the peace have been mainly three, *all tending and aiming to advance prices*. First, a system of improved practical management was introduced by Mr. Vanderbilt, which was a legitimate and honorable means of increasing the value of the stocks representing the roads benefited by the improvement. Next came a system of consolidating various lines under one management and into one company, and the issue, in the way of dividends, of large amounts of new shares, to represent the supposed increased value of the road by virtue of the consolidation or other improvements. Last came the unblushing issue of new shares and new bonds, for the payment of unearned dividends, for the completion of improvements never contemplated; for any and every purpose, sometimes without purpose, occasionally without even a pretence of purpose. All these influences seem to have been fairly exhausted; and, beyond levying a tax at Albany upon the whole of the State for the benefit of some of the exhausted railroad treasuries, it seems that even the ingenuity of distinguished railroad managers

would be sorely tried to invent new schemes for advancing the prices of their securities.

The improvement system introduced by Mr. Vanderbilt was very effective when applied to such a frightfully mismanaged concern as the Harlem Railroad. It was even not to be despised in the case of the New York Central, which had been habitually plundered for political purposes. But roads *running into New York City* are no longer "lying around loose," the mismanagement of Harlem was altogether exceptional and phenomenal, much of the improved earnings of the so-called Vanderbilt roads was due to other causes apart from the management, and it would be as difficult to find other roads upon which the experiment could be successfully tried as it would be to find another Vanderbilt to conduct it. The consolidation scheme has been carried to a point that alarms even the managers themselves, and that seriously engages the attention of thoughtful men everywhere. Each consolidation is an attempt at monopoly. Each attempted monopoly is met by fiercer competition, and competition adds to expenses and diminishes profits. People ask themselves where is the increased value of the road as represented by consolidation, if consolidation everywhere leads to increased expenses and diminished earnings? and thus faith is lost in the value of securities issued upon such basis. The whole system of consolidation and of its immediate offspring, paper dividends, has been such a fruitful source of corruption, fraud, deceit, that it has tended more than any other one thing to fill people with distrust of railroad management, and to deter them from speculating in stocks. One element remained, after consolidation, improved management, and paper dividends had ceased to influence the market, that was relied on as certain to revive speculation by advancing prices—the extreme ease in money. But here we are in the midst of summer; money has been cheaper and more abundant than has ever before been known in this country, yet no advance has taken place in stocks. On the contrary, prices, as a general thing, have been declining. There are no outside buyers or sellers. The Stock and Gold Exchanges are alike deserted. Even the flare-up and failure of the young adventurer just referred to has created scarcely more than a ripple of excitement. Everywhere young, active, intelligent men are abandoning speculation, and even the brokerage business, for other more simple and more remunerative, less uncertain pursuits. Everywhere respect for legitimate business is increasing, and the artificial speculation of the last few years exciting more disgust. The dream of rapid wealth has proved a nightmare. The notable exceptions that were wont to illustrate it are beginning to be recognized as doubtful bubbles, whose career may yet end in the poor-house or the penitentiary. In a word, the closer the examination, the more decided is the conviction that we are rapidly approaching the end of the ten years' speculation.

ENGLAND.

JUNE 10, 1870.

JUST as I am about to write, I receive the sad news of Mr. Dickens's death. It seems impossible to pass over such a topic in silence, and yet more impossible to say anything which will possess any particular interest for your readers. Mr. Dickens's writings are as familiar on your side of the Atlantic as on ours, and I can add nothing to what will have been said sufficiently often before you receive this upon his literary character. I do not know, indeed, whether the moment after a man's death is the best time for taking stock of his achievements; for some obvious reasons, it is the worst; though it is inevitable that every one should try to express something of the common regret at the loss of one who, if not the greatest, was incomparably the most popular writer of his generation. No other writer in England has commanded a circulation equal to a half, I believe I might almost say a fourth part, of that attained by Mr. Dickens; and I shall not now ask how far his permanent fame is likely to correspond to that which he has enjoyed in his lifetime. Nor, if I do not venture to assume the office of critic, is it right to dwell at any length upon topics of more personal interest. It is chiefly desirable, as it seems to me, at the present moment to do what one can to maintain the privacy of a literary man's life, rather than to help in satisfying the curiosity of the "many-headed beast." It is enough to say that Mr. Dickens had a singular power over the affections of his friends, and that there are many besides his children who will be grieved to the heart by this morning's

news. If, as Johnson said of Garrick, his death has "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," it has also saddened more profoundly many smaller circles, and that is an epitaph of which we ought to be more ambitious. I feel, however, as though I was treading a rather dangerous path, and approaching too closely the verge of topics that should be held in sacred privacy. Yet I could not write to you to-day without attempting to give some small expression to a feeling of regret which is at the present moment affecting the whole nation, and, I might doubtless add, more nations than one.

Another writer died last week whose name may be known to some of your readers. I mean Mr. Mark Lemon, who had been editor of *Punch* since its commencement. Mr. Lemon's own writings were of no great value, but in his editorial capacity he was associated with some eminent names. *Punch* will, at any rate, be remembered as the recipient of some of Thackeray's happiest trifles. The collection of such names suggests some curious reflections. Mr. Dickens was the leader of that school of English humorists which has been dominant for the last thirty years, as *Punch* was one of its chief organs. It has had many merits, and amongst them may certainly be reckoned that of moral purity. There is not a word in Dickens or in *Punch* which might not be read by a father to a rising family of daughters. That is a good thing in its way, and yet the words have almost an ironical sound. Have we not descended a little into the milk-and-water school of morality? *Punch*, I fear, has pretty completely lost its former spirit, and if it refrains very properly from attacking us by unworthy means, has rather fallen into the error of general insipidity. There is no poison in the cup which it offers, but there is also remarkably little flavor of any kind. Once, *Punch* was a bit of a radical; now he has become a twaddling old gentleman who believes in his *Times*, and whose great object it seems to be never to tread upon anybody's toes or say anything unfitted for an academy for young ladies. Well! if our comic literature is moral to a painful degree, we know where to look for consolation. To say nothing of the Swinburnian school, with its passionate desire to exchange

"The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice,"

we have been treated to an amount of what I may mildly describe as impropriety in our recent newspaper literature which is a rather amazing illustration of British respectability. It would be nearer the mark to say that such a torrent of filth was never poured into general discussion before; and, of course, private conversation is apt to exceed the limits of public talk. I will just remark, as a hint to schoolmasters, that our latest and worst scandal seems to have been partly owing to a custom, which has lately become common, of allowing schoolboys and undergraduates to perform private theatricals in which the women's parts are taken by boys and young men.

I have been led by a rather queer association of ideas into a revolting topic. By way of return to purer air, I will remark that a new contest is now opening in Parliament. The Education question is coming on, and the forces on both sides are gradually taking up their position. As I shall have to refer to the matter in future, it may be as well to attempt a short statement of the actual position of the controversy. The great fight will take place over what is known as the religious difficulty. The mass of English children is in a state of profound ignorance, and the ignorance is nowhere more profound than in regard to all theological questions. A friend of mine was putting a school through their catechism the other day. Each boy answered his questions very fluently until he came near the end of the creed. Here a dead pause took place, till, after repeated efforts to obtain a satisfactory answer, the explanation of the sudden hitch in the proceedings was given in these words: "Please, sir, the boy as believes in the Holy Ghost isn't here to-day." That is very apt to be the case. But, of course, there is a vehement conflict as to the particular shade of doctrine which is to be impressed upon such promising pupils. They must have the right doctrine about the Trinity, though they may be only able to receive it by a subdivision of labor. And the reason is very simple, namely, that each sect wishes to have the prestige and influence derivable from the management of the national schools. At present, the schools are all supported by the various denominations, with certain assistance from Parliament, and they are naturally anxious to maintain their position. In future, however, if Mr. Forster's bill passes, there will be three classes of schools; first, the denominational schools, as at present existing; secondly, schools, denominational or otherwise, which will receive subsidies from a local rate; thirdly, schools to be founded in future by various municipal authorities, to be supported out of the rates and a parliamentary vote-in-aid, and to be managed by the representatives of the rate-

payors. Of course, there is no dispute as to the first class of schools; but the difficulty turns upon the conditions under which the other two classes are to be assisted from the rates. The Government proposal is shortly this: that the local authorities are to determine in every case what is to be the religious teaching in the schools, or, if they please, to dispense with religious teaching altogether. There can be no doubt, however, that, in most cases, they will either aid some school already in existence, or else found schools in which the doctrines of the most powerful sects in the place will be taught. To guard against any possible grievance, it is therefore proposed by Government that there shall be what is called a conscience-clause in the act. That is, the parents shall in all cases have the power of withdrawing their children from any religious training of which they disapprove. It was suggested that the clause as originally proposed was not sufficiently stringent, and they have signified their willingness to adopt a clause of any stringency that can be devised. There can be no doubt that a measure resting upon these principles can be passed by Government, if it chooses. The Conservatives will join the Government majority in adopting it: and, considering Mr. Gladstone's great power in the present Parliament, there is no doubt that he can do what he pleases.

Here, however, comes in the real difficulty. Such a measure, if passed, would be substantially a Conservative measure, and would fail altogether to satisfy the Radical wing of the Liberal party. Their demands are in substance that, in all schools supported or aided by the rates, no denominational training shall be allowed. They shrink, however, from proposing a distinctly secular system, and have invented the word "unsectarian" to express their meaning. The precise nature of their proposals is, either that the Bible alone shall be read "without note or comment," or that no "distinctive religious training" shall be allowed. Of course, there are certain differences as to the terms on which schools are to be managed, according as they belong to the second or third of the classes above-mentioned: that is, according as they are originally founded or only in part supported out of the rates. The objection generally made to these suggestions is that the simple reading of the Bible, or the teaching of a kind of essence of religion without any particular flavor, would in practice be equivalent to no religious teaching at all, and would lead to nearly as many troubles as a more decidedly sectarian method. In this I think that there is some force; at any rate, the League and its supporters would have occupied a more intelligible position if they had adopted the simple principle that the religious part of the training should be left to voluntary effort, but that, when given, it should be given according to the taste of the teachers. The attempt to throw a kind of sop to the prejudices of the British public is felt to be rather unsatisfactory, and has to a certain extent a rather hypocritical appearance. It looks as if they were anxious to make an apparent concession, which is really no concession at all, and to allow religion to be taught, so long as it is deprived of all that gives it meaning in the eyes of the teachers. I will not, however, discuss the rights of the question. I have sought to give you a kind of plan of the scene of action, so that you may judge what is the real meaning of the policy which Government is likely to adopt. I expect that Government, whilst doing what they can to conciliate their radical opponents, will nevertheless remain substantially on the more conservative side, and that we are, therefore, merely at the beginning of a long contest. I earnestly hope that some measure may be passed this session; but I am not sanguine enough to hope that it will amount to anything like a final settlement. The questions at issue are too exciting and too important to be set to rest by the necessarily languid debates at the end of a session.

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM.

II.

If we cross the Apennines between Florence and Bologna, we descend into a region which, at first sight, seems to have nothing in common with the south-western half of Italy. The climate, with its excesses of cold and heat, seems Castilian rather than Italian, and the scenery, if it could be seen in the simple garb of its native flora, might not improperly be called Dutch. If we, nevertheless, recognize Italy in these regions, it is due to the works of man rather than to those of nature; it is due to what man has planted and built, to the olive and the vine, and to the palatial splendor of the cities. The high-roads are garden avenues, hung and draped with heavy garlands of vine: what of the dead level of the plain and its windmill? You cannot see either. Even the corn-fields are only visible in patches, hedged in as they are by rows of mulberry and fruit trees. And in the clearings of this vast orchard stand splendid old towns,

dreamy and dilapidated, yet stately and venerable; overgrown, perhaps, with grass or ivy, but not covered with many layers of modern varnish, certainly not hidden under it. Florence and Naples are half modern towns already, and daily growing more so. But Mantua and Padua, Verona and Venice, Ravenna and Ferrara, are so many cairns of history replete with the glories of the past only.

Here, then, we are in a region where nature has done less, and where, consequently, man was forced to do more than on the south-western side of the Apennine. We are in that vast plain representing the valley of the Po and of its tributaries, which is hemmed in between the Alps, the Apennines, and the Adriatic. It is the only alluvial plain in Italy, and we will endeavor to show that these physical aspects of the country are coextensive with certain mental characteristics of its population. We need not here reconsider the Piedmontese, and may at once exclude the upper or western part of this valley, which, moreover, partakes more of the Alpine than of the lowland nature. But Venetia, Lombardy, and Parma, the northern portion of Modena and the Romagnas, down to Ancona, represent a district which, though capable of many subdivisions, may well be considered as a whole, ethnographically as well as geographically.

It is admitted, I think, that the inhabitant of the plain, provided his plain is traversed by navigable rivers or borders on the sea, is, other things being equal, a more civilizable person than the mountaineer. Switzerland enjoys exceptional political advantages, yet it never played an important part in history like Holland, nor can it boast of many great men. And as to the Tyrol, it is a positive disgrace even to Austria, being the home of all that is most stupid and benighted, the refuge of superstition and ignorance, of priests and legitimists. In the plains there may be fever and consumption, but there can be no *goutre* and no cretinism. There, too, as everywhere else, priestcraft and ignorance may lead to vices and to crimes, but the effect will cease with the cause, and the case need never be deemed a hopeless one.

Without further indulging in speculations of this kind, we can easily convince ourselves that the inhabitants of this north-eastern part of Italy are a race not only vastly superior to their Alpine neighbors, but in some respects even to their transapennine brethren on the volcanic coasts of the Mediterranean. Count all the illustrious men of Italy, not her tyrants and historical rascals, but those that were really great, in art or science, in literature or in civic virtue, and you will find that by far the greater number of them were born and educated in this part of Italy. Raffaello and Guido Reni, Titian and Giorgione, Correggio and Paolo Veronese, Palladio, and the three Caraccis, are striking instances. Leonardo, too, may well be called a Milanese. We must not judge by what we find of pictures and statues in these noble towns. Pictures and statues are movable property. An invader may take them to the Louvre or wherever he pleases. But the works of the architect remain. They alone are monuments worthy of the name. An individual may be honored and immortalized by his statue, but for a nation or any community of men the fittest monuments are its buildings. And the architecture of these transapennine towns is not only grand and beautiful, but seems to have altogether escaped those blighting influences of *rococo* and renaissance art which have disfigured Rome.

Science, too, was cultivated here not only sooner but more thoroughly and more successfully than elsewhere in Italy. Bologna, Pavia, and Padua are even now important seats of learning, but in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these universities were frequented by foreigners from all countries of Europe, and even Vicenza had its high school of learning which was hardly inferior to the others. Much, no doubt, was due to patronage and to the laudable efforts of the Gonzagas, the Della Scalas, and the Estes, but without the genius of the people this patronage could not even have existed. Volta and Galvani, Grimaldi and Torricelli, Morgagni and Tomassini, Fallopio and Malpighi, Cardano and Tartaglia, Nobili and Mariannini were all born on this north-eastern side of the Apennines. More names might easily be added. But those here mentioned belong to a select band of thinkers and discoverers whose discoveries have not only enriched the older sciences but have created new ones. We need not exaggerate the importance of Cardan's formula for solving cubic equations (which is said to belong to Tartaglia rather), but what would anatomy, and, above all, what would physical science be without the achievements of these illustrious men? Tuscany, it is true, can boast of having given Galileo to science and Michael Angelo to art, and these were giants. Brunelleschi, too, was a Florentine, and so was Giotto. Yet, great though these names are, they do not invalidate our

theory, since the genius of a people and their general turn of mind ought not to be judged by its possible maxima of excellence, but rather by the number of cases in which any given kind of excellence is obtained among them. And to find this, we must consult not only the lists of great historical names, but also the statistics of the professions. The establishment of political liberty has not yet affected these data, and we are justified in taking them as the exponents of the spontaneous preferences and leanings, and, therefore, of the innate capacities, of the various peoples of Italy. The classification of these intellectual types and their territorial grouping, such as we have attempted to set forth in this and in the preceding article, will be found correct by all who take the trouble of verifying it. It may be briefly summed up as follows:

The Piedmontese are the soldiers and the officials of Italy, the Ligurians her sailors. The Tuscan is the man of the world, and, therefore, fond of all that refers to this world, of gossip—past and present, of history and politics, of law and diplomacy, of polished speech and polished manners. The Neapolitan mind is imaginative and speculative. Saturated, as it were, with the sensuous imagery of its southern world, it seems more ready to rise and soar above it; not that it is ever capable of what Coleridge called "otherworldliness" (which is a prerogative of northerners, rather, and of Protestant bigots in particular), but it certainly feels more at home in metaphysics than in physics, and the uneducated are readier to accept miracles than laws. Lastly, in the transapennine Italian we have recognized a very highly-gifted being in whom the equilibrium of the mental faculties, independently of their absolute strength, seems to have reached a remarkable degree of perfection. His mind is the artistic mind *par excellence*, in which intellect and imagination control and fertilize each other, so that it may either create a work of art or become capable of putting the *prudens questio*, that "well-grounded anticipation" which, according to Bacon, must precede all scientific experiments and all discoveries, and which, as "prudent," is an act of the intellect, and, as a "question," an act of the imagination. The history of Volta's classical experiments offers a striking example of this. To use a very trite and not very accurate metaphor, we may say that, if Piedmont is the hand of Italy, Naples is its heart, and the remaining central portion its head.

But, strictly speaking, we have thus far only demonstrated that there is a hand and a heart and a head in Italy, and it still remains to be seen whether this hand, this heart, and this head belong to the same organic body, and, if they do, we have still to account for such a union, for its suddenness, its cohesion, and its vitality. Surely not every hand coalesces with every head, nor every head with every heart. We have hitherto pointed out nothing but differences, all radical mental differences, too, and the question arises: What caused these differences to become mere functional differences, indicative not of plurality but of organic colligation and national oneness?

The next and concluding article will contain an answer to this question.

Correspondence.

THE NECESSITY OF LEGAL TENDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My views of the Legal Tender Act differ somewhat from those of a large and perhaps the soundest part of the public. If correct, they have an important bearing upon the question, and, if they are not so, will you be kind enough to point out the fallacy?

It is evident that gold and silver bullion cannot be used as money. The operations of assay and weight, as well as subdivision, are too slow and cumbrous. Governments therefore issue coin, bearing their stamp, as evidence of definite value. It is not probable that any one will make a question about receiving this. But then it may happen, and the conditions of trade will not admit of this uncertainty. Thus, if I give my note for a thousand dollars' worth of goods at sixty days, and resell them later for another note at sixty days, I must have an absolute certainty that what I receive from the second note will pay my own, and that no freak of my creditor can expose me to trouble. Governments, therefore, make their coin a legal tender, which, when offered in payment of debt, releases the debtor from legal process.

In the case of convertible paper, if my creditor refuses it, I can draw the specie, and the knowledge that I can do so prevents him from refusing

it, because he does not want to be burdened with the specie. In 1857, the withdrawal of the specie from the banks for export produced a panic and a suspension: but the great contraction of the currency, or, what is the same thing, check to its circulation, brought such a fall of prices as to attract gold in large amounts from abroad. The suspension lasted but sixty days, and in the interval there was no premium on gold. Anybody who could not settle a debt with bank-notes could easily procure gold, either at bank or of a broker, at a merely nominal charge.

I do not myself believe that it would have been possible to have maintained the convertibility of our paper money under our existing system during the war. At all events, such possibility is not self-evident. If it was not, we had no resource but inconvertible paper. Now, the difference between legal-tender notes and all other Government securities is, that the former are always at par, while the others are not—in other words, they are money. Without the Legal Tender Act, everybody owing a debt would have been liable to a claim for gold; and, as all the convertible paper which we used before the war would have disappeared, our enormously increased monetary transactions must have been conducted on a greatly diminished money basis. An idea prevails that the paper money might have been left free to find its own level of price. A moment's reflection will show, however, how impracticable this is. The New York banks owe about two hundred millions of deposits, and would be liable to a demand for gold from every depositor. If it were attempted to settle this with paper at market value, what authority would fix this constantly fluctuating value, and enforce the decision when made? On a smaller scale, it is true, you cannot, by making the notes a legal tender, compel a bootmaker to sell his boots at less price; but when he has once delivered them to you, both you and he know in exactly what medium his bill will be paid. Were it not so, you might be exposed to serious disagreement when you came to settle the bill. Fancy an Irishwoman buying a leg of mutton. The price agreed on is twelve cents. When she produces her scrip, which she has received for yesterday's washing at 130, the butcher informs her that he can allow but 125. The state of the market would probably soon justify the active interference of the police. Only a very small fraction even of our cash transactions are settled at the moment, and wherever there is debt, the law must declare what medium shall be used in payment of debt. The law does not attempt thereby to fix its value, which is regulated by other considerations.

In short, the first requisite of money is that there shall be no question of price. It is this alone which saves us from a state of barter. I believe there never has been, and never can be, in any civilized nation, any money in extensive use without its being either a legal tender, or convertible into one; and that, in the absence of the latter quality, the former is indispensable. And allow me to observe, once more, that the legal-tender quality of paper money does not in the least involve its depreciation. It is quite possible to restore convertibility, by contraction, without repealing the Legal Tender Act. But the previous repeal of this act would transfer the legal-tender notes to the position of Government bonds, and would reduce us for money to actual specie, or a far less amount than we had before the war, with a corresponding effect upon prices, and with bankruptcy for almost the entire debtor class—that is, the immense majority of the country.

G. B.

Boston, May 27, 1870.

[The paper money of the Government *was* convertible all through the war, at a certain rate. Its value—that is, the quantity of it necessary to purchase anything—was ascertained from first to last by a reference to the gold standard. The gold standard was in the mind of all large dealers in fixing the price of their commodities. They never dreamed of looking to the legal-tender quality of the greenbacks as a source of stability. The dreadful scene in the market between the Irishwoman and the butcher, which "G. B." pictures, actually occurred every day all over the country, as the washerwomen and laborers knew to their cost. That is, the paper money they received on Saturday, as wages, often lost ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. of its value in the butcher's eyes between that and Monday or Tuesday. The "marking up" and "marking down" of goods was going on constantly in every store in the land, as the Government credit improved or declined under the influence of victory or defeat. How "G. B." comes to be oblivious of this passes our comprehension. The greenbacks, of course, served the purpose of money, but served it very badly—they were money that only fulfilled its function very imperfectly, to the great detriment of

the poor and unwary—that is, of those who could not mark their goods up and down. The reason why we used it was that we could not well afford to keep our gold, and when the Government offered a cheap though bad substitute for it, being sorely pressed, we sold the gold to foreigners, and got on as best we could with paper. What would have happened if the paper had not been made legal tender? Considerable distress, doubtless, among the debtor class at first, but afterwards far greater certainty in transactions. All classes would have *thought* in gold constantly, and would have talked of the rise and fall in paper, instead of the rise and fall in gold (which never stirred), and thus great suffering and delusion among the poor would have been prevented, and all contracts would have been made in gold. Nobody who gave his note for goods, payable in greenbacks at sixty days, knew, during the war, what he would have to pay in reality. So the shrewd people protected themselves, either by paying cash, or by adding on enough to their prices to cover the risk of depreciation in the legal tender. The possibility of maintaining the convertibility of our paper did not need to be self-evident to justify non-interference. Our point is that the reference to the gold standard—that is, *mental conversion*—was not avoided by the Legal Tender Act, could not be avoided without a change in the constitution of the human mind, never has been avoided by any nation, and therefore ought not to have been attempted. Simple Government notes would never have sunk below thirty cents on the dollar, we may be sure, and if people had not used them as a standard of value in fixing prices of goods, or making contracts *de futuro*, we should have been no worse off than we are, for the legal tenders never have been a real standard of value. The publication of "G. B.'s" letter has, we are sorry to say, been unavoidably delayed.—ED. NATION.]

THE FAITH OF CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will the ethical editor of the *Nation* be good enough to answer the following questions:

1. If, at the time of the enactment of the income-tax law, about thirty-nine millions out of forty millions of the people were in favor of such a law, how did it happen that in this much talking and writing community the willing thirty-nine millions remained dumb and allowed the reluctant one million to mould "the public opinion of the day so far as it found expression," and by the power of that opinion to compel Congress to promise that the tax should not be levied after 1870?

2. If the levying of an extraordinary tax for an extraordinary occasion is "an act made in the most ordinary course of legislation" (and I think it is), why is not the issuing of bonds, upon certain conditions, to raise money for the same extraordinary occasion, also an act done in the ordinary course of legislation? and, even if it is not, what rule of morality is it which authorizes Congress to disregard pledges which it makes in the ordinary course of legislation, yet requires it to scrupulously regard those made on extraordinary occasions?

3. How is the matter different *morally*, "when speaking by the mouth of Congress the nation solemnly pledges the national faith to a foreign nation?" Who or what but the nation *ever* speaks through Congress when it makes any pledge or passes any law? Why is Congress more bound to keep faith with foreign nations or individuals than with our own citizens? Does the solemnity make the difference? In what respect or degree is one deliberate act of Congress more solemn than another? and if it is so, what degree of solemnity is required in the passage of a law in order to make its provisions binding upon Congress?

I ask these questions merely for information. Of course I acknowledge that Congress has a right to change its mind and to continue the income-tax law; but it should do it, I think, on the ground that it is still a necessary law, and not upon the ground that the promise to discontinue it in 1870 was made merely to conciliate public opinion, and may therefore rightfully be disregarded.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MORAN.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1870.

[We suppose the newspapers attacked the income-tax law at the time of its first passage because the large majority of newspapers published in this country were owned and edited then, as they are now, by men who had incomes to be taxed, and did not mean them to be

taxed if plenty of talking and grumbling could prevent. So far as our observation goes, the great majority of the people either wish the retention of the tax, or at the very most are indifferent as to whether it goes or stays. We have little doubt that if we had time to find them we could show our correspondent letters enough, signed "workingman," or "mechanic," or "ploughholder *versus* bondholder," addressed to some of the cheaper journals, and demanding that the incomes of the wealthy should bear their share of the burdens of the war. Nor are there wanting instances of journals editorially throwing their weight on this side of the controversy, as witness the influential *Springfield Republican*. Of course, the "workingman" has not many papers printed in his interest and to express his opinions—though no doubt his political opinions are expressed for him freely, both just about election time and at other times—but some papers he has, and every such paper represents the real feeling, we venture to say, of a majority of the readers of most of the papers on the other side.

There is this difference between the binding power of legislation which is of the nature of a promise to a foreign people and that which is of the nature of a promise to our own citizens. The foreigner knows only that a people recognizing fully those cardinal principles of honesty and honor which he also recognizes, has made him, in as solemn a way as it can, a certain promise, to break which is to disgrace in the common estimation of mankind the party who breaks it. The American promisees know the same thing, but they also know something more. They know themselves as citizens of a country whose citizens are the government; they know themselves as promisors as well as promisees. For a thousand reasons, they are ready to admit that Congress must be allowed the right of changing its mind, and this to the end that the citizens may be the better pleased; which, in fact, is merely saying that the citizens claim for themselves the right to change their minds as changing exigencies may require. Congress is in this view the people. But of these changing exigencies, these fluctuations which bring us good or harm, which dispose us to lay on ourselves new burdens or to take something from the old, the foreigner knows nothing and needs care nothing. He is not called on to suffer with us in our calamities, and we do not call him to share our prosperity. He simply knows us as people who have bound themselves unreservedly by every weighty moral consideration to do so and so as regards him. We on the other hand know ourselves, whether or not we are constantly saying so explicitly to one another, as being always at liberty to seek other ways than one, to consider expediency, to do differently towards ourselves to-day from what we had proposed to ourselves last year.

We have here presented a rather unlimited or even exaggerated statement of the principles concerning which Mr. Moran makes enquiry, but the exaggeration will help to make clearer the distinction we would draw between what may roughly be called ordinary legislation and treaty legislation.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY, librarian of Harvard College, has for many years been engaged in preparing biographical sketches of the first two hundred and twenty-five graduates of the Academic Department of the university, and now proposes, if he receives sufficient support, to publish them in a single volume. The design embraces the classes from 1642-1678, in the first of which graduated Sir George Downing, and the last, Cotton Mather, with many more or less eminent personages between. Mr. Sibley does not overrate the remarkable characteristics of this body of men, whose lives he intends to trace with great minuteness of detail, "adding catalogues and bibliographical notices of their writings, to open to others the way for further investigations." The chain will be complete when these Sketches are placed side by side with the Harvard Memorial Biographies, showing that, in founding as in preserving a state, culture takes its rightful place in the front rank, shuns no responsibility, and is equal to any. Mr. Sibley's work will not be stereotyped, and the edition will therefore be limited. Subscriptions (at five dollars a copy) should be sent in before September 1st.

—That the world, whether or not it has grown more virtuous, has, at all events, grown more delicate, is a thing often said, and doubtless true. Why it should be held that the world of to-day is less virtuous than the world of other times has never been satisfactorily shown by any writer, from Carlyle back to the *laudator temporis acti* nearest the beginning of time and the end of chaos. This, however, is a large subject. That the world, so far at least as it concerns itself with literature, grows more delicate, seems to be certain; and the reason is not far to seek. Every day the distinction between literature *virginibus puerisque* and other literature becomes more difficult to maintain; everybody reads; and the public demand for books which everybody may not read is constantly becoming smaller—smaller comparatively, at any rate. A writer of our day who makes a book which cannot be talked about by men in presence of women, and by men and women in presence of boys and girls, makes a greater mistake than any of the same sort that could have been made by any writer of past times. Such a writer nowadays talks to an audience bound by many considerations not to listen; and also he loses the immense advertising advantage of not being generally talked about and discussed in all companies. Miss E. S. Phelps, for instance, writes a book which tells people that the Christian heaven is neither a "state of mind" nor a place where one sings and hears singing without end, but is a place where, after death, one is made happy, if one is a mother, by the love of ideally good children; or, if one is a boy, by unlimited skating and swimming; or, if one is fond of horticulture, by gardens with perfect houses attached—and the book in which she sets forth this theory of future life gets her thousands and tens of thousands of readers—perhaps a hundred thousand. But on one's fingers one might count the thousands who have bought the novel by Miss Phelps which followed "The Gates Ajar." Yet "Hedged In" is, perhaps, a cleverer story than its predecessor. But it is a book that parents will not put into their children's hands, and that cannot be chosen as a topic of conversation in mixed companies. Probably it would be safe to say that "The Gates Ajar" has been read by ten persons for one who will read "Hedged In." A more conspicuous instance than that of Miss Phelps might be found in the contemporary history of American writers; but the comparative success of her two stories is sufficient to point our moral, which is, that nothing is more certain—despite the temporary repute of indecent writers, despite Swinburne and the bigamous novelists—than that the times grow worse for authors who deal with indecencies.

—A writer in the London *Practitioner* has something interesting to say in regard to a curious sensation which most of our readers have felt, and which, if they believe what is said by this writer, they will not be pleased to feel again. The sensation in question is thus described by Coleridge:

"Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flush doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul,
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
We lived ere yet this yoke of flesh we wore."

Tennyson also, among a great many other poets, ancient and modern, refers to it:

"Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

"Of something felt like something here;
Of something done I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

And Dickens, in "David Copperfield," regards the sensation as one common to all men:

"We have all some experience of a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing having been said or done before, in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it."

This description is either fuller than that of the two poets, or else it is a description of a considerably stronger sensation than that which they had experienced. The *Practitioner's* correspondent says that he had been from boyhood familiar with the feeling, but that it never came so frequently nor with such intensity as a year or so ago, just previously to a fit of epilepsy, which disease then for the first time attacked him. He has since had but few recurrences of the feeling, but on two of the few occasions it was followed within twenty-four hours by an epileptic seizure. There seems to the writer, then, apart from all the pretty things that philosophers and poets have made out of this experience, that it has for its chief interest a therapeutic interest. The sensation of pre-existence, or

whatever it may be called, ought, he thinks, "to be regarded as showing disturbance of brain-function," and he doubts if its recognition and removal might not often prevent much more important disorders. He suggests, too, that "enquiry in cases of epilepsy may detect a something of this sort put aside as not being of sufficient consequence to speak of, and yet in truth being a minimized form of *petit mal*, warning to precautions against a larger seizure." The chief precaution he would take is cessation from work, or a diminution in the amount of work done. It would be curious to know if Mr. Dickens, by whom this sensation seems to have been felt so often and so vividly, and who died, it is said, of overwork, had experience of it in the later days of his life.

—The London *Spectator* is a very clever paper, as everybody knows, and as honest a journal, beyond a doubt, as any that ever existed; but there is no doubt either that, now and again, in one of several ways, it allows its enemies a chance to mock at it and cast derision upon it. The more or less painful-seeming character of its religiousness, for example, frequently amuses its foes; and so does the sort of mixture of whim and sublimated moral earnestness with which it treats many topics that the children of this world dispose of in a few words of what they call common sense, or else give the go-by entirely as being matters not of human concern. Then again, it does, no doubt, rather too much affect "insight," and, far as it can see into mill-stones, it sometimes professes to have seen further than it really has. There was no need, for example, of its discovering by certain signs that the writer of a book called "The Woman Who Dared" was "Miss" Sargent, and of proceeding thereupon to make some remarks, suggested by passages in that production, on the power inherent in certain feminine natures of dropping, under certain circumstances, the sense of shame, as a man under the same circumstances could not. The fact is, as some at any rate of our readers know, if more of them are ignorant of both book and author, that the author of "The Woman Who Dared" was Mr. Epes Sargent, a resident of Boston or some of the parts adjacent. The *Spectator* has also been making some calumnious remarks about the Republic which cry aloud for retribution, as being, if such language may be permitted, indicative of want of knowledge, want of its own beloved "insight," and truly deplorable failure to "comprehend our institutions." "It must not be forgotten," says the *Spectator*, commenting on Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to Mr. Disraeli, "that the professor is living in the United States, where men take Mr. Disraeli's revelations for gospel." In this explanation of Mr. Smith's reasons for writing his letter there assuredly is not any astonishing degree of penetrative sagacity. Nor is there much closeness to facts in the statement that Americans accept Mr. Disraeli's revelations for gospel. Seven Americans in ten, and in the North, eight or nine in ten, are, as between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, for instance, on the side of Mr. Gladstone. Most Americans who know anything about Mr. Disraeli think of him, we should say—no doubt in an inadequate way—as being a man of great ability, destitute entirely of political principle, and quite willing to go a long way in attacking an adversary. They have a sort of admiration for his adroitness, and they like his courage; but the narrower mind and more acrid nature of Mr. Gladstone do not prevent his moral earnestness in the work of reform from putting them almost to a man on his side. To say all this, is making too much of a thing of no importance; but it seldom does an Englishman any harm to tell him that, as a rule, he had better, when American affairs are to be talked about, open his eyes and ears, and not open his mouth.

—But, perhaps, when he talks like this it may be as well for us ourselves to give heed and let him talk on. A writer in the *News* is speaking of the lack of an international copyright law: "Indeed, more than one [American] speaker on the subject has avowed that it is better to let American authors be pirated in England than to renounce the privilege of spoiling the English. We shall be glad to hear that Congress is at length brought to a better mind." It is not the fault of Congress, however; unless, indeed, it is the duty of Congressmen to be a little wiser and a little better than the electors who follow them and look up to them as leaders. Many of the American publishers, all the authors, and all intelligent and honest men and women generally who have thought the thing out, wish an international copyright law to be passed; but as for the people at large, the simple truth we take to be this: they are persuaded that English books will be dearer when the authors get some money from the American consumer than they are now. And moreover, they are a little obtuse and do not clearly see how a man has the same right of property in a poem or story he has made that he has in corn he has raised or shoes he has made. While the people are in this frame of mind and state of knowledge, it is too much to

expect of the average Congressman that he will feel the disgrace of the present condition of things or see his way clear to bettering it. Negotiations looking to the framing of an international copyright law are now going on between Great Britain and this country, and perhaps the prospects are better than ever before of our ratifying the treaty, though we have once or twice before come near doing so; but that the prospects are very good, it is still too much to say. Mr. Welford, we see, writes from England that there are now some indications that the British publisher himself begins to be opposed to the ratification of a copyright treaty between the two countries. Apparently he fears that his American rivals, with a reading public behind them so much larger and greedier than the English reading public, would outbid him constantly, and soon have in their pay all the most popular authors. So we are, perhaps, to have an opportunity to read to our old homilist some of the lectures upon the wickedness of piracy which he has for years been giving to us.

—We extract from a list published in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* for April and May, the names of the principal bibliographical periodicals in Europe, with some particulars concerning them. The *Revue* should, however, be consulted. AUSTRIA: *Oesterreichische Buchhändler-Correspondenz*, founded in 1860, and appearing three times a month; takes note of all books published in Austria, in whatever language, as well as of engravings and music. In connection with this appears the annual classified *Oesterreichischer Catalog*, sold entire or in parts. BELGIUM: *Journal de l'Imprimerie et de la Librairie en Belgique*, 1854, monthly. BOHEMIA: *Vestník bibliografický*, July, 1869, monthly; gives also Slovenian publications, and works published in foreign languages which relate to Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. DENMARK and NORWAY: *Dansk Bogfortegnelse*, 1851; appears from eight to ten times in the course of a year. *Dans Boghandlertidende*, 1854, weekly; the organ of the Danish publishers. ENGLAND: *The Bookseller*, 1858, monthly; the *Publishers' Circular*, 1837, fortnightly, with Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin*; *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record*, 1866, monthly. FRANCE: *Bibliographie de la France*, 1811, weekly; *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, 1868, monthly. GERMANY and SWISS GERMANY: *Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland*, 1842, weekly. GREECE: *Μηνιαίον δελτίον τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς βιβλιοπωλείας*, 1862, monthly. HOLLAND: *Nederlandsche Bibliographie*, 1856, sixteen numbers yearly. *List van Boekverken*, 1837, monthly. *Alphabetische Naamlijst van Boeken*, 1846. ITALY: *Bibliografia italiana*—replaces, beginning with this year, the *Bibliografia d'Italia*, 1867—fortnightly. POLAND: *Biblioteka Warszawskie*, for publications in the kingdom. RUSSIA: *Knizhnyy Vyestnik*, 1860, fortnightly; *Zhurnal Ministerstva narodnogo prosvetsheniya*, the official organ of the Minister of Public Instruction. A new periodical, *Bibliograf*, is announced as about to appear at St. Petersburg. SWEDEN: *Scensk Bibliographie*, 1828, monthly. The list of periodicals of this class which have previously existed for a longer or shorter term, is very much longer than the foregoing, and will be found in the *Revue*.

—About two years ago, the religious and the intellectual world of France were a good deal agitated by the proposal made in the columns of the *Siccle* that a portrait statue should be erected in honor of Voltaire. Not only in France but elsewhere—in England, on the Continent, and here in America—the pulpits and the religious press were loud in condemnation of a project which was characterized as no better than impious and blasphemous. That a Catholic Frenchman should have been scandalized by the scheme was reasonable enough, for certainly the Catholic Church may recognize in Voltaire a man who was once, at any rate, a formidable enemy, whether or not he is very formidable now; but the denunciations of the Protestant religious press sounded as if the current estimate of Voltaire that is entertained by Protestantism were the traditional estimate handed over to our fathers by the Catholic Church, which stigmatized as a mere bestial atheist a man who, whatever else he was, was not an atheist, but as avowed a believer in the existence, omniscience, omnipotence, justice, and mercy of a Supreme Being as any of the men who denounce him without having made the acquaintance of his works. As to his spiritual-mindedness and the soundness of his faith, that is another question. Despite all opposition, the statue has been finished, and is soon to be set up. At first it was intended to place it in a square, or rather a *round-point*, which Baron Haussmann had determined on making in the Rue de Rennes; but Baron Haussmann was obliged to go out of office and leave the Rue de Rennes and many other streets and squares unfinished; so it is probable that the statue will be set up on the Quai Voltaire. "To Voltaire by popular subscription" will be the only inscription on the pedestal. The statue is of bronze, and is the work of a M. Barbédienne,

or rather it is the work of M. Barbédienne and of Houdon, for our contemporary has obeyed orders, and instead of giving an original conception has followed the work of his celebrated predecessor. Houdon, by the way, our readers will recollect, is known in this country by his statue of Washington, of which the original is in Richmond and a copy in the State House at Boston, and which is considered very successful, though it is not precisely the Washington of the school histories. His Voltaire, certainly, has an air of being a most life-like and truthful representation of the very man himself, and one can imagine its being contemplated with pleasure by the ecclesiastic who desires him to be seen as a fleeing and jeering scoffer, and by the *bonnet rouge* who would gladly hang every priest, monk, and nun, and imagines that Voltaire would have joyously assisted him in his labors. The continued influence of Voltaire among the less intelligent opponents of the Church may be guessed from the fact that the number of subscribers to the memorial fund was 205,000.

—Recent papers in *Hours at Home* and the *Atlantic* on Siam have caused us to examine with some curiosity a copy of the "Bangkok Calendar" for 1870, printed at the press of the American Missionary Association at that capital. On page 50 is given a list of the children of the late First King, eighty-four in number, including one miscarriage, which the King himself duly recorded (No. 54). His Majesty Phra-Bard-Somdetch-Phra Paramendr-Maha-Mongkut was of course a polygamist, and his children were born to him sometimes at the rate of three a month. His ninth child and fifth son—another Somdetch—born in 1853, is the present First King. The late Second King, whose name was even a little longer than his illustrious colleague's, had at least thirty-one wives, who bore him sixty-three children, again including the miscarriages, this time set down at six. The catalogue of these princes is rendered quite amusing by adopting the Siamese calendar, thus: "Prince George Washington (the present Second King) born year of the dog, 30th Aug., 1838." Other nativities follow: in the year of the rat, the cow, the small dragon, the monkey, the cock, the hog, the tiger, the rabbit, the great dragon, and the serpent; and the typographical necessities of the table are such that we have the Princess Wong Chandr described as "full sister of the 1st year of the dog," and the Prince Toe as "full brother of the 14th do do do hog." The calendar proper, in which remarkable events are set against each date, has been edited with a perspective which may be far from ludicrous to an American missionary in Siam, but which reads oddly over here. Along with the record of church days are mingled notes of the departure and arrival of missionary families, of incidents in our late civil war (a date being reserved for the escape of Union officers from Libby), of international events of all degrees of importance, and finally—what is really interesting—of the progress of civilization in Siam. The late First King took kindly to European ways and notions, and was the author of innovations which produced an astonishing mixture of barbarism and civilization. He made himself the equal of foreigners whom he entertained officially or otherwise, permitted them to stand or sit in his presence, while at the same time his queen would be on all fours in a corner, shook hands with them, and otherwise made them at their ease and allowed them to observe their own customs. He employed foreign obstetricians in his harem, which was a great scandal, but a great boon to his wives if, as is likely, they had been subject to a treatment which obtained among Siamese midwives forty years ago—that, namely, of toasting the mother before a slow fire for a month immediately after delivery. The glimpses, in fact, one gets in this Calendar of the condition and estimation of women in Siam are almost enough to make a conservative Mormon subscribe for the *Revolution*. The old-school priests of Buddha, for instance, may not live, stand, or walk under any place where women live, sit, or walk; and the consequence has been that a bridge thrown across a street for the convenience of opposite neighbors has proved a serious obstacle to their promenading. The late First King was the father of a new school of Buddhists, who disregarded these and other superstitions; but they are as yet in a vast minority.

WALLACE ON NATURAL SELECTION.*

NOTHING shows more clearly the pure spirit which characterizes the general intercourse of scientific men than this work of Mr. Wallace. Having been, by one of those frequent accidents of discovery, the joint-worker with Mr. Darwin for years before either knew that the other was occupied with the question of natural selection, he now puts before the

public a collection of essays having a bearing on this question, written and published at various times, not with the intention of detracting from the credit due his distinguished fellow-worker, but rather to limit his own very modest claims. He says: "I have felt all my life, and I still feel, the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me, and that it was not left for me to attempt to write the 'Origin of Species.' I have long since measured my own strength, and know well that it would be quite unequal to that task."

The first two of these essays, "On the Law which has Regulated the Introduction of New Species," and "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," were written before the publication of Mr. Darwin's book, and are therefore quite independent productions. The remainder of the essays show throughout the interaction of the original thought of the author and the work of the other students in the same field. They show very beautifully how rapidly a theory expands when it ceases to be the personal property of a single intellect and becomes the common working-ground of many students. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters are devoted to the discussion of a part of the subject which, although first suggested by the Amazonian traveller Bates, is, to a great extent, the intellectual property of the author, namely, the mimicry or protective resemblances among animals. The wonderful phenomena of imitation among insects, which give us, in the butterflies and other insects, the most perfect imitations of the leaves of plants or the coloring of the bark of a tree, or even the dung of a bird, receive here an elaborate discussion. There can be no question that these chapters give the strongest arguments for the theory of natural selection which have yet been presented. The fact, which seems pretty well made out, that those groups of insects which are protected from their natural enemies by some unpleasant secretion, or in any other way, are generally the most varied in appearance, the most abundant, and the most frequently imitated in form by the other groups of insects, is probably the weightiest contribution yet made to the evidence in favor of natural selection. The author, with a discretion which many of the advocates of Darwinism would do well to imitate, does not weaken his argument by asserting that all variations which bring about imitations are to be ascribed to the principle of protective resemblance. The chapters "On Instinct in Man and Animals," "The Philosophy of Birds' Nests," and "A Theory of Birds' Nests," are devoted to a laudable effort to overthrow the common idea involved in that most question-begging of terms, *instinct*. The author endeavors to show that men build as much by instinct as animals do, imitation being the basis of the work in both cases. In the few classes of facts cited, the author makes a tolerably clear case for his view. Birds do indeed have a chance in their youth to see how a nest is built, and it is quite conceivable that they build in part from recollection of the nest where they were born. But there are other and more numerous cases, such as the nests of the solitary wasps, where the phenomena are much more complicated, and where imitation is out of the question. Besides, there are the cuckoos, which lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, a feat which it would be difficult for the birds to learn by imitation. Although the author has done good work in these chapters, by endeavoring to persuade the public to look upon the feats of animals in a common-sense way, and not to make unjustifiable suppositions concerning the nature of the mental operations therein involved, we cannot believe that he has cleared up the main difficulties of the question. We may ask our theorizers on animal psychology why the more marvellous performances of the so-called *brute creation* may not be classed with the mental operations of our *lightning calculators*, who certainly perform their work by no blind instinct, inconceivable as the means may be to the general run of men.

In the eighth chapter, our author answers the arguments against the Darwinian development hypothesis which the Duke of Argyll has brought forward in the "Reign of Law." With a small expenditure of force, he pretty effectually demolishes the theory of the "continual interference" of the Creator in the operations of nature—a theory, by the way, which, by the fitness of things, should have been originated by the supporters of the miracle of the winking Madonna rather than by the interpreters of the great forces of nature. At the close of this chapter the author tabulates, in a form more ingenious than logical, the arguments for the Darwinian hypothesis, under the title of "A Demonstration of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection." It will have for the general reader the great value given by a clear synoptic form to a train of argument so long that few but the special students of the subject have been able to grasp it in its expanded form.

* "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays by Alfred Russel Wallace, author of 'The Malay Archipelago,' etc., etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

The chapter on the action of natural selection on man, in which Mr. Wallace, with great ingenuity, shows how man is, by his intellect, sheltered from the action of natural selection, at least so far as that operates through physical peculiarities, is probably the most important contribution which has recently been made to the theory of races.

In the tenth and concluding chapter of the book, the author takes up the question of the limits of natural selection as applied to man. It marks a new era in the history of the last phase of the development hypothesis, for it shows that one of the originators of the present form of that theory has passed the first enthusiasm of discovery, and can look with calmness upon its defects. We must congratulate the scientific world that the ablest advocate of Darwinism has had the philosophical acumen to perceive, and the courage to declare, that there are features in the physical and mental structure of man which cannot have been produced by natural selection. Our author's considerations on this point are too extended, and too closely connected, to enable us to illustrate by extracts. We can heartily commend the whole chapter to all who are interested in this vast question. That the reader may not be frightened from this profitable task by the fear that they may be too recondite for any but the specialist, we venture to give some of the headings of the sections of this chapter, which are: "The Brain of the Savage shown to be larger than he needs it to be," "Man's Naked Skin could not have been produced by Natural Selection," "Feet and Hands of Man considered as Difficulties in the Theory of Natural Selection," "Origin of Man's Mental Faculties, by the Preservation of Useful Variations, not Possible." This chapter is throughout penetrated by a religious spirit, which in no way, however, prejudices the argument. In recapitulating, the author says: "The inference I would draw from this class of phenomena is, that a superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a definite direction and for a special purpose, just as man guides the development of many animal and vegetable forms." There will be a large amount of short-sighted criticism expended to show the contradiction between this assertion and some of the sentences of his criticism on the "Reign of Law." We leave the satisfaction which this may give to those who admire the *tu quoque* line of argument. The author closes his work by an admirable refutation of the assertion of Huxley, that our "thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." The argument on this point is as clear as it is courteous—in the latter regard well suited to be a model for the gentleman whose assertion it overthrows.

It is not a little singular that, within a year, two of the greatest thinkers of the day, who have gone furthest on the road which is generally believed to lead inevitably to atheism, have, in all earnestness and in the true scientific spirit, declared that their studies have given them the abiding conviction that there is, beyond this range of physical events, an intellectual guiding force. Our author believes that all force is "will force," the will of a Supreme Intelligence; and Julius Robert Mayer, who has carried the idea of the correlation of forces to that point where the short-sighted believed he had left nothing but machinery in the universe, has declared that beyond all these phenomena must lie the Infinite Mind, and that his work, so far from sapping, has only strengthened the foundations of religion.

MR. READE'S LAST NOVEL.*

MR. READE has done once more what he has never yet failed to do. He has written a thrilling and passionate novel, from the perusal of which one could pause about as easily as he could linger in the act of going over a precipice. As the story appeared in monthly parts, the reader's progress through it may be described as dropping from one sharp and piercing point of interest to another, which, like so many projections of rock from the sides of the precipice, are each one more poignant than the last, and renders his course more and more terrific, until he is hurled at last into the abyss of bliss below.

We are sure that, if the reader will recall the chief incidents of this novel, he will not find our figure extravagant. Henry Little, the hero, is first blown up, or rather blown out of the window, by the trade against whose rules he is working; but not to leave Grace Carden, whom he hopelessly loves, he arranges to work by stealth in an old deserted church. Grace and her other lover, the bad one, Coventry, find their way thither more dead than alive, lost in a snow-storm, and Little saves them. Co-

ventry gratefully sets the bravos of the Union on Little's secret, and they almost murder him. Finally, he goes to America to make a fortune preparatory to marrying Grace, and now Jael Dence, his faithful friend and ally, is blown up, and subsequently half-drowned in a pond, but she is got out and gets well. Next, it is Grace's turn: Henry's letters are intercepted by Coventry; she believes Henry false, promises to marry Coventry, and marries him just an hour before Jael brings her a true-love letter from Henry. On this she stabs her husband, but not so mortally as she would have liked to stab him. Of course, he lives, and Grace goes into a Protestant convent.

Here the reader is at his wit's end; but not so the author. He has a whole deluge in reserve, and just when Grace has come back so that she can have some small, wretched glimpses of Henry, and Henry is watching her in secret, and in secret Coventry is watching them both, the author breaks the Hillsborough dam, and whish! comes the flood, drowning everything before it. Coventry is up in a tree, and Henry is in doors at an upper story window; Grace goes sailing down the deluge between them. Both make a clutch at her, and Little gets her; but "such was the force exerted by the torrent on one side, and the desperate lover on the other, that not her shoes only, but her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her in that fierce struggle."

Perhaps this may be thought a minor point; but let us wait a moment.

Of course, poor Little falls a-kissing the senseless form with frantic love; and poor Coventry, remembering that he is her husband, calls out to him to stop that, please; but Henry does not desist in the least, and roars back: "Your wife, you scoundrel! You stole her from me once; now come and take her from me again. Why didn't you save her? She was as near to you. You let her die: she lives by me, and for me, and I for her." With this he kissed her again, and held her to his bosom. "D'ye see that? liar! coward! villain!"

(At which, we are afraid, we feel like pausing to laugh, in spite of our eagerness to get on. Perhaps this idea of defying with kisses and bearding with embraces is a stroke of art that passes the modesty of nature; though, to be sure, nature herself is not particularly modest in everything.)

Meantime, nobody can tell what might happen if it were not for a larger tree than Coventry's that comes drifting by, and cuts it off, and sends the false husband whirling away upon the current. You breathe freer; Henry shoots a hole through the roof, and draws Grace out upon it, and saves lots of other people; the water goes down, and he sets forth to take her home to Woodbine Villa, she walking and being carried till they find an opportune horse jammed in among the débris, but still alive. Henry puts her on this and walks beside her; and now you learn why "her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her" by the flood. "At this," Grace's promise to marry him next morning early, "Henry kissed her little white feet with rapture, and kept kissing them at intervals all the rest of the way," which he plainly could not have done but for the force of the flood; and it must be owned that he has an advantage vouchsafed to very few lovers; though, certainly, after Grace has been walking through all that mud and water! . . . But no matter. Henry exacts a promise from Grace that she will get to bed at once; and then he goes out and saves more lives, and returns next morning to see how Grace is; when who is the first person that meets his eye in the parlor at Woodbine Villa? Why, Mr. Coventry, by all that is wretched! Mr. Coventry, dead below the waist, but very lively above, and capable of living years, and keeping Grace and Henry asunder.

At this point the reader breaks out in a cold perspiration; he cannot imagine what *shall* be done, now; but Mr. Reade arrests him a coiner—whom he has had floating about all the night of the flood in a box for the purpose—brings the rogue to trial, proves him the no-clergyman who married Grace to Coventry, and has the marriage pronounced null. You think you are at the end. Not so; Coventry petitions Parliament to have the ceremony declared valid, and the rapidly intervening marriage of Grace and Henry illegal; when up pops an honorable friend of the true lovers, and explains the circumstances to Parliament, and the Coventry petition is dropped; and Grace and Henry are now off in Scotland enjoying a perpetual honeymoon, while Mr. Coventry spends his remaining days in the spiritual exercise of cursing.

"And Fiction," says Mr. Reade, as if he thought something of the kind ought to be said, "whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts;" which may be true, though, honestly, things in this book have made us doubt it; and, to

* "Put Yourself in his Place. By Charles Reade." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co., and Harper & Bros.

tell the truth further, fiction does not appear to have been used as an art toward the end, where characters and catastrophes have been heaped down pell-mell together. At the same time, we are bound to believe, from thorough conviction by Mr. Reade's former books, that, when he ceases to be an artist, it is of his own motion. We only wonder that he cares so little for the public that honors him so much, for it seems to us that he finally sacrifices to theatrical effects what was first and best in the conception of his story, and the early development of that conception. He makes you in love with Grace Carden, to begin with; she is not a very high type of womanhood, but she is supposable, and, men being men, lovable. Women, however, are very subject in the imagination to a kind of passive dishonor; and long before you reach the climax of Grace Carden's fate, she has been so hungered for, and torn at by her two lovers, and so beaten about by their adverse passions, that you, who would once have been glad to have such love as hers, are very willing to give her up to Mr. Little; for something pure and sweet, through no conscious fault of her own, has been crushed out of her in all that furious handling. She has ceased even to be bewitching—the smallest of the feminine virtues—long before the end, and Mr. Reade need not have had her attempt murder in order to render her a revolting person. Jael Dence is better, but great physical strength and rare fidelity pall upon the fancy after a while. As for Messrs. Little and Coventry, they are both odious, severally and distinctly detestable. We hedge again, by allusion to the constantly recurring strokes of wit, and the human nature which Mr. Reade shows by flashes in his people; and then let us doubt if this will atone for their general lapse and collapse. The most egregious catastrophes are painted with force and probability, but you wish they had not needed so much painting.

Let us say once more that "Put Yourself in his Place" is intensely interesting, and then let us say, it is a pity that it is not less interesting and better. We do not forget "George Eliot" when we say, as we do say, that the author of "Put Yourself in his Place" is now the greatest living writer of English fiction; and that makes it all the more melancholy that he will do what he has here done. But it is consoling to think that a literary excess or blunder is not retroactive, and that though "Put Yourself in his Place" exists, none of Mr. Reade's former novels has therefore ceased to be.

The Universe; or, The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. Pouchet, M.D. Translated from the French. (New York: Scribner, 1870.)—Delicious paper and printing, a gorgeous cover, and numberless interesting and well-executed cuts and colored plates give to "The Universe" a most attractive exterior, which is none too splendid to be in keeping with the style of composition and the things which M. Pouchet describes—a charming selection of natural curiosities. The book tells about objects of zoology, botany, geology, and astronomy; but the names of these sciences hardly occur in it, for it makes no pretension at all to afford any scientific knowledge of these matters, although its anecdotes have been drawn from the sciences. It is, as its author says, only "a series of sketches and pictures," and he mentions, as an altogether supererogatory virtue, that the drawings in one part of the book have "quite a special character." The work is a repertory of wonders, and does not address itself to the dry understanding, but to the æsthetic sense and the love of adaptation and fitness in things. That the author is a man of science and has studied to be accurate are facts not without interest to the reader, because a suspicion that the things which appeal to his admiration were fables would be a great drawback to the pleasure he receives from them. But further than that, the scientific character of its author is of no consequence. However high that may be, this is not a book to learn from. When so much consideration is paid to grandeur of diction, exaggerations will creep into descriptions, and little details will even be supplied by the imagination, without any basis of fact. That this has happened to M. Pouchet, a reader who is familiar with any of the unfamiliar things upon which he is most eloquent will be pretty sure to find. To select an example from an object as widely known as possible, take his account of that monotonous cellar, the Mammoth Cave (p. 687, *et seqq.*). Anybody not enthusiastic who has ever been there will smile to read of "views of the most grand and varied kinds," "the magical splendor of stalactite halls," "regular churches formed of precious stones, gleaming with different colored lights, the splendor of which dazzles the traveller," "the Dome of the Giant, the immensity of which strikes one with stupor," "the exploration requires five or six days," "the sulphurous atmosphere," etc., etc. The last point is too incorrect for any guide-book.

The author informs us in his preface that his sole object in writing his

book has been to inspire and extend a taste for the natural sciences. If this is true, he appears to us not to have chosen his means wisely. In order to give a boy or girl a love of observation, it is necessary to show him that the things he has about him and can observe are worthy of attention. This is done, for example, by such a book as Nuttall's Ornithology, because the birds of his own country are there described, and it is shown that they have interesting peculiarities of appearance, habits, cries, etc. It helps a boy much less to convince him that there are interesting things in the world if those things are out of his reach. But to collect together all that is outlandish and sensational in nature, and to feed the mind exclusively on such things, can only tend to destroy a natural appetite for nature. After reading for the first time all the marvels in "The Universe," the ordinary world must seem insipid and less worth observing than it did before. The glowing diction of M. Pouchet is less calculated to excite the powers of observation than the imagination, and that in an unhealthy way. Moreover, such a book gives a very false conception of the manner in which the objects of nature are related to one another. It magnifies that unity of nature which results from the adaptation of different things to one another, because the beauty of such unity is readily perceived without any particular mental training. But the structural unity in nature, to perceive which requires the development in the mind of special conception, must be passed over in a work which is never to demand any effort of thought on the part of the reader. "The Universe" ought to be regarded as a book of entertainment, and as serving no higher purpose than that of beguiling tedious hours. So regarded, it fulfils its end and has a real value. It will delight a child.

Natural History of the Human Races, etc. By John P. Jeffries.—(Wooster, Ohio: Printed for the author. New York: Edw. O. Jenkins.)—This book should have had a different title: it does not really attempt to give the natural history of the human races. For such an enquiry the author has not the first requisite: he has never conceived the enormous difficulty of the questions involved in his title. The book is, in fact, a compendium of information concerning the history and characteristics of most of the divisions of the human race. As such it is not altogether without merit, for it really gives a good deal of matter and is notably free from efforts at fine writing; but the compiler brought no critical ability whatever to his work, so that it depends altogether upon the author from whom he derived his facts whether the reader gets trustworthy or worthless statements. The childlike confidence the writer puts in all authorities is sometimes quite amusing. Not only does he unhesitatingly accept the whole Mosaic account of the extreme longevity of the descendants of Adam before the Noachian deluge, but even the newspaper reports of great cave discoveries of "statues and obelisks of solid brass," "a copper sarcophagus, nine feet long, sculptured with several hundred figures," in Illinois, are willingly adopted as gospel truth. That the Cardiff giant does not figure here is proof that the work was done before that great treasure was unearthed. It is refreshing to find here a man who still believes that the old mill at Newport was built by the Northmen, and that the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas is veritable history.

The blunders into which the author has been led by want of knowledge of his subject appear on every page. Taking a random selection from the book, we find on the 97th page the statement that "the Semitic family embraces the Hebrews, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Iberians, Spaniards, and other kindred tribes." Other statements of his classification of men are simply incomprehensible. He says "the Hamites include the Canaanites and other kindred nations. They were so closely allied with the Semitics as to be literally one and the same family; not negroes or black persons, as has generally been contended." Afterwards, he by implication refers the negroes to this group!

The two closing chapters of the book treat of the "social nature of man" and "man morally considered." Having disposed of the natural history of man in the first three hundred and fifty pages, the author, with equal audacity, proceeds to discuss the subjects falling under these titles in the last thirty pages of his book. The main point of the first of these chapters is to prove that the negro cannot make a useful element of our society. This the author maintains with numerous arguments, few of which, however, are new; but he closes with the assertion, utterly at variance with the facts, "There is not a solitary case upon record where the engrafting of one people upon another, politically or socially, has proved beneficial to the united peoples or nations." In the last chapter we have the assertion that "Socrates was the *revelator* (*sic*) of natural religion and moral rectitude; and Jesus Christ the promulgator of

revealed religion and the way of salvation." It would be well if those who assume to make this comparison would look a little into the facts of the "moral rectitude" of the great Athenian. We fancy they would be a little surprised by some of the results of an investigation into this point.

Bad as the book is, it is defaced by the illustrations. The violently colored woodcuts, in which our Indian chiefs figure in all the colors of the rainbow and in every description of garment, or the hairy absurdity labelled "Our Saviour," make one almost despair of the artistic perception of the public they are made for.

Hans Breitmann in Church. With other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1870.)—From the beginning there appeared to be danger that Mr. Leland, with his fluency and his readiness to be satisfied with something less than a high success, would give us too much of "Hans Breitmann," and that he has not done this in "Hans Breitmann in Church" nobody, we imagine, would say. There are other things, and possibly better things, in the Breitmann ballads, but the thing nearest perfection in its kind, and most entertaining and freshest, was the figure of Breitmann himself—the lager-bier-drinking "Dutchman," as we Americans civilly call our Germans—who is not quite as full of sentimentalism as he is of lager-bier, and who is never so maudlin, either with bier or with sentiment, that he has not an eye to small change. Of this amusing gentleman, Mr. Leland made for us a likeness, which was, no doubt, a little staring, and perhaps was a little out of drawing, but which was, nevertheless, to be called good. The philosophizing, for instance, concerning various abstract entities would have seemed more natural in the mouth of another sort of German than the Philadelphia ward politician and saloon-keeper whom we first saw when he "gife a barty," and whom afterwards we saw as one of "Sherman's bummers" and as a caucussing candidate for a Congressional nomination.

Here, in "Hans Breitmann in Church," the artist has done something more of what he has been doing ever since his picture first called out applause, and in this last volume still another layer of obscuring paint is interposed between the spectator and the original figure. Certainly nothing that here is added adds anything to the fulness and vividness of the portrait, and, Mr. Leland's taste in the matter of incidents being what it is, there is usually little pleasure to be got from seeing in action the personage whom he had the fortune to create, or rather discover and show to us.

Hasty and ill-considered as these pieces are, however, the author is too clever a man not to have put into them some good things. For instance, "a Boston shap" having said that, after all, the author of the Breitmann ballads was not humorous—

"Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
Boot dat was only all!"

a "Deutscher" who was present remarks that to his mind that sounds like a "baradox"—

"'Twas like de saying dat Heine
Hafe no witz in him good or bad,
Boot he only kept sayin' witty dings
To make beoples peliefe he had."

And there is something funny in this sketch of Breitmann and his fellow-bummer, Von Stossenheim, "who had théories of Gott":

"Outspake der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had théories of Gott:
'O Breitmann, dis is shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trod;
You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you yourself must say
Dat self-development requires
De réligiôs Idée."

"Dey set dem down und argued it,
Like Deutschers vree from fear.
Dill dey schmoke ten pibunds of Knaster
Und drinke drei fuss of beer.
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
Boot Veit he had him denn,
For he took him on de dangles
Of de moral oxygen."

Now, this seems to us all out of keeping. At any rate, it is one of the things that we had in mind in saying that the author has not been careful to preserve the tone of his picture. This Breitmann we have just been looking at is surely not the earlier Breitmann, but a Deutscher-Amerikaner of a different type, if, indeed, he is distinctively a Deutscher-Amerikaner at all, and is not merely a German of the sort that Frenchmen and Englishmen, as well as Americans, have long known very well and laughed at a little. But, as we have said, it seems to us that much better than the repetition of familiar satirical strokes at familiar German weaknesses, was the amusing picture, abounding in suggestions, and successful, too, as positive portraiture, of the Philadelphia German beer-drinker, with his mixed speech and

modified German notions, who appeared in Mr. Leland's first work. And to say this is to condemn most of the later work as being worse than it might have been "if the painter had taken more pains," though it is far from condemning it absolutely.

It is perhaps not worth while to say much about an occasional lapse into coarseness which Mr. Leland permits himself. It is not of a particularly bad kind; but it is coarseness. This, by the way, is a method of raising a laugh which has come to be more surprising to see a writer take than it is displeasing to see done. That it is displeasing Mr. Leland seems not to know; this is not the first book of his in which he thus offends against good manners. It is noteworthy that nearly all others of our later American writers of any name have been perfectly free from grossness or coarseness, and this whether or not they have been sermonizers or humorists—whether they have had more or less latitude allowed them.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. With illustrations. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—To our thinking, this is the best novel that Mrs. Craik has written in some years. It is not as pleasant reading as some of the earlier ones, it is true, for the story is in itself painful, and the author makes little or no attempt to relieve its sombreness. But then it is almost entirely free from the sort of sentimentality which has most interfered with the enjoyment of many of Mrs. Craik's readers, and the fact that her chief character is a woman, and that her male sinners are of a weak, vacillating kind, keeps out of sight, in a great measure, one of her principal failings as a novelist: her inability to draw a manly man—an attempt she was always making and always failing to accomplish. Her hero was always a very conscientious woman in trousers. This time she has resumed her proper dress, and really possesses force and life-likeness. At the same time, it is fair to say that even Josephine Scanlan, whose general fidelity to woman nature most readers may recognize, gives still another proof that Mrs. Craik, even in her best efforts, never quite succeeds in disengaging an individual from a type; that she rather embodies her ideas of certain faults and virtues than sets a real person before her readers; and that as her men never succeed in being more than partially disguised women, so Josephine just fails of being quite womanly because it was necessary to Mrs. Craik's conception of her that she should err on the side of justice instead of generosity—in other words, that the failings of her heroine should be masculine, as, in other cases, the virtues of her heroes have been feminine. One could love Mrs. Scanlan more, even if one did not approve her so highly, if her perception of her husband's weaknesses had been less keen, and her judgment concerning the duty she owed him a trifle less impartial. According to Swedenborg, the difference between men and women is that, being both resolvable into love and wisdom, the man is first wisdom and then love; the woman first love, then wisdom. It is only against Mrs. Craik in her capacity of artist that we are disposed to cavil that when she draws an ideal she reverses the natural order, and makes her men too tender and her women too just. Her present novel, however, is unusually well written, its principal moral is sound, and the story, though more painful than it seems to us a work of art has any legitimate right to be, is well told and interesting, and will repay perusal.

Warp and Woof. A Book of Verse. By Samuel Willoughby Duffield. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1870.)—Mr. Duffield has, doubtless, already made for himself numerous friends amongst the readers of the verses which appear from month to month in the magazines, where he appears as a writer of pieces which show more than the usual correctness and skilfulness of magazine poetry. That they show that their author was born a poet it might not do to affirm; but that he was either born poetical, or has been made so, the reader of them will probably think it safe to say. Evidently, they are the work of a man of some poetical feeling; but as one reads them, the doubt is forced upon the attention whether Mr. Duffield would ever have made verses of any sort, good or bad, if other men had not made verses before him; and there seems to be little doubt that very much of what in his verses is at all good, is due to the effect upon his mind of several contemporary poets. "Longfellow" one says very often; "Tennyson" often; "Lowell" now and again; "Browning" oftener; and still other poets seem to have as good a right as Mr. Duffield to the form of his poems, and also to the matter of them. Of every such writer of verses it may be said that he does well for the sake of his own amusement and improvement to practise his accomplishment; but Mr. Duffield's book will, no doubt, give pleasure to some others besides himself and his immediate circle of personal friends.

Man's Wrongs; or, Woman's Foibles. By Kate Manton. (Boston: Crosby & Danrell. 1870.)—The plot of this tale is certainly not one of maddening interest. A family of loyal Georgians are obliged to leave their "luxurious Southern home and begin life anew in the cold, unsympathizing North." While beginning it, their daughter is constrained to abandon the expensive joys of party-going; but even with this dark shadow resting upon her young life, she is so lucky as to meet the Earl of Somerset, who is at the time travelling in America. With him she discourses upon the painful subject of woman's inhumanity to man, as evinced in setting him an example of extravagant dress, forcing him to give her his seat, and the like brutalities, and to this nobleman she is finally married without the usual tortures of opposition and delay.

As a discussion of social questions, the book is little better than baby-talk; but the numerous sketches it contains of celebrated characters (which are studied by the heroine as a basis for elegant conversation) enable the reviewer to regard it as a biographical dictionary. In this

light, it is defective as lacking alphabetic arrangement; and indeed, in a grave historical work, such expressions as "had he have told me" should have been rigorously eschewed, nor should William the Silent have been numbered among the princes of England.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Appleton's Hand-book of American Travel: Northern and Eastern Tour.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Catlin (G.), The Lifted and Subsidized Rocks of America.....	(Trübner & Co.)
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 34, swd.....	(T. Ellwood Zell) \$0 50
Disraeli (B.), Vivian Grey, swd.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 60
De Mille (Prof. J.), Lady of the Ice, swd.....	" " 0 75
Drake (Hon. C. D.), Reminiscent Letters from Daniel Drake, M.D.....	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 3 00
Gwendoline's Harvest, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 0 25
Lord (Rev. N.), Letter to the Alumni of Dartmouth College, swd.....	(Hard & Houghton)
Porter (Prof. N.), American Colleges and the American Public.....	(C. C. Chatfield)
Robertson (Rev. F. W.), Sermons Preached at Brighton.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Robinson (F. W.), Stern Necessity, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50

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Allen's Latin Composition. (Issued in July.)

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